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CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;

A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MRS. M. A. DENISON.

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The day waxed and waned; another and another followed and closed, and no success; the wily Indian had eluded them all. Little did they dream that with the wonderful cunning of insanity, the crazed creature had ridden back into the city in the dead of night, sought her miserable quarters, and there, in her old disguise, successfully eluded all discovery, while the horse, left to himself, walked quietly to his stable, and was there found by his owner. With the money she had obtained from Le Vaugn, and which really was a considerable amount, Mother Kurstegan had bought furniture for the old room overlooking the river, and bestowed some pains upon its arrangement; so that but for its size and dreary unpapered walls, it would have looked quite comfortable. As it was, in the early summer the prospect from the window was admirable. The Delaware, with its moving panorama, the ever-crowded slips, the constant passing of vehicles, the tree-crowned islands in the middle of the river, the wide prospect of sky and distant highlands of the surrounding country, made a pleasant look-out. Hither was Chip carried, almost helpless from fear, on the night of the day on which she had been stolen. The house was inhabited, room by room, by separate families, all foreigners, who could not even speak a word of the English language.—Among them, for the time, Mother Kurstegan was safe. She had procured a key for the entrance, and in the dead of night led the unresisting child up flight after flight of stairs, until at last she arrived at her own domicile. Here the moon shone in, and Chip stood in the centre of the room, looking about her with an expression almost vacant, so hopeless was it. There she stood, silent, the big tears beginning to roll down her cheeks, while Mother Kurstegan bustled about to strike a light.—She put her hands up to her locks that had been trained to curl over her neck in beautiful and shining rings. The curls were gone. She looked at the face that had ever been an object of terror to her, and her little heart grew cold. But the teachings of the twenty months that had rolled so swiftly past had not been without their benefit. She had overcome, in some degree, the fear of the supernatural, and this trial was needed to strengthen in her the habit of self-dependence that had but now begun to spring up in her hitherto helpless nature. In the few moments that she stood there, she grew rapidly older. Why she had been thus ruthlessly snatched from all the endearments of her beloved home, she could not fathom; but that she had not been carried to the thick woods or the lonely hills, was a matter of gratitude. That she was in the city she knew; for at the end of the country road, Mother Kurstegan had lifted her from the horse, saying, "now we are here, he may find his way home," and then they had walked warily, cautiously in the dark shadows of the streets, stealthily gained the lower part of the city next to the docks, and thence to this new, unusual home. A light was struck, eclipsing the soft, pale moon-rays, and Mother Kurstegan, placing it on a table, surveyed her shrinking victim with satisfaction.

"Do you know me, Chip?" at last she said.

"Yes," replied the child, endeavoring to return her glance with steadiness; "are you going to kill me?"

"No, little fool," returned the old woman, shuddering as she spoke, "but I'm going to keep you with me for a while, to learn you how to talk Delaware. I shan't let you move out, nor stir out, nor see the first living creature, except from these windows. If you'll be quiet, and won't give me any trouble, I won't harm you; but if you disobey me in *one* particular, I'll carry you off and give you to the Indians; now mind. You see how nicely I can manage," she added, with an insane laugh; "how cleverly I got you here, when, I suppose, not less than a dozen persons are on the search for you and me."

The child's face brightened; they might find her here before many days; she would try to have patience; to wait in peace as far as she could, and as she prepared to lie down in the little bed pointed out to her, weary and foot-sore as she was, it was a comfort to feel that those she loved were searching for her. Before she lay down, she knelt, as she had been taught, and audibly repeated her prayers, mingled with tears, for she missed the soft hand that had rested on her head, the tender good-night, the fervent kiss. The Indian woman, pretending not to look, was yet softened at the sight, and as she came to the words, "Oh, Lord, wilt Thou bless all my dear friends who love me, my father, my mother, and Aunt Eunice; and wilt Thou bless all my enemies, if I have any, and those who do *not* love me; wilt Thou keep me from all danger this night, and help me to fear nothing but to do wrong," a look of terror crossed her face; she felt, for an instant, that there was a power beyond hers, resolute as was her will, inflexible as was her hatred.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

SICK AND IN PRISON.

Le Vaugn had altered his will, or rather made a new one in favor of his daughter, if she should be found within ten years. For many days after he had ceased to search for her he continued in a state of depression that alarmed his friends; and Doctor Angell, who watched over his prostration, feared that insanity would ensue. His room was darkened; visitors were not admitted—only the faithful Martha ministered constantly at his bedside, and Nick, who possessed a spirit of uncommon tenderness, begged to sit near him, to hold his hand, to moisten his heated temples; but Le Vaugn seemed uneasy when the child was present. Martha said "It was natural, as the child wasn't his own flesh and blood," but she pitied the poor little fellow, who, dismissed from the room in the beginning of the illness, hung about the chamber door, asking frequently if he mightn't come in only a minute, but Le Vaugn invariably shook his head, and the boy, dejected and unhappy, wandered about the house. One day Le Vaugn sent the faithful Martha on an errand. It was the seventh day of his sickness, and he sat in his bed propped up by pillows. A pale light came in through the one opened shutter, penetrated the blue curtains with which his bed was hung, and gave a ghastly expression to his high, massive brow and sunken eye. A rustling in the room attracted his attention, and he said,

"Did you find them, Martha?"

No answer was returned, but something sounded on his ear like a low sob. Astonished, he listened still more intently; yes, it was certainly a soft, suppressed noise as of some one weeping very quietly. He called again—

"Who's there?" and bending forward, endeavored to part the curtains, that he might look into the room; no one was to be seen.

Martha now entered, and observing marks of agitation on Le Vaugn's face, she inquired the cause.

"It is nothing," replied the sick man, thinking it to be a vagary of his imagination—but at that moment the soft, sobbing sigh again broke the stillness.

"Martha," said Le Vaugn, starting, "am I dreaming, or is there somebody else in the room, besides you and me?"

The face of the housekeeper turned red as scarlet, and she bit her lips, evidently undecided what to say. The sobbing now broke out beyond restraint, and Martha, with a deprecatory glance somewhere else, exclaimed,

"I hope you'll forgive me, sir, but indeed it made my heart ache to see the child. He wouldn't scarcely eat, and as to play, he never thought of it."

"Who do you mean, Martha?"

"Why, George Henry, sir; the little fellow, he's jest set down here at the foot of the bed since last night, and there he slept, sir, on the floor, I fixing a piller under his head. He asked that pitiful that I hadn't the heart to deny him—and it's him seeing you through the bottom of the curtain, so pale and sick, sir, as has made him cry and sob."

Le Vaugn was touched, broken down at this. He remembered dimly seeing in the gray light of the morning, half dreaming, a child's face at the foot of his bed, but he had been so overpowered by his first night's heavy sleep, that he fancied it a dream.

"Somebody loves me, then," he murmured—"come here, my little fellow. Martha, bring him here."

And the boy stood within the folds of the curtains, pale, with swift tears coursing rapidly down his cheeks, and convulsive sobs shaking his frame. Le Vaugn, overcome, felt his own eyes fill, and lifting up his arms, the boy's head sank upon his bosom, his faithful little heart beating close to the heart he loved. From that moment Nick stayed in the chamber as much as he wished, and his boyish talk lightened the gloom that had shadowed the soul of his father. He read to him, prattled of bygone days, caressed him, watched him when he slept, and in every way contributed by his docility, tenderness and vivacity, to chase despondency from the unbalanced mind, and restore its functions to comparative health.

All this time Chip was a close prisoner. The Indian had endeavored with every art she could master to disguise her in appearance and in dress, but as time unfolded the sweetness of the child's disposition, and as no effort could conceal the spiritual beauty of her face, the rancor in the bosom of the misguided woman turned to affection, and, strange to say, her mania took another form that demonstrated itself in evidences of the most lavish endearments. If the child did not instantly meet her on the threshold when she unlocked the door, she would walk the floor in ungovernable anguish. Often in the dead of night would Chip awaken to behold the strange being kneeling by her side, her hands spread over her head, muttering in some unknown language. At first it frightened the poor little thing, but as she felt instantly the kiss of peace, and heard words of the wildest love, she put her hand quietly in that of the Indian, and went softly to sleep. Her ethereal and vague sensations had

CHIP PRAYING.

shaped themselves into other forms. She could not listen to the words of genius, with senses locked and heart throbbing wildly as her foster-mother read to her, taking a strange delight in her rapture, but she sat whole hours absorbed in her own dreamy and poetic fancies. She had been taught to write, and the Indian, as eager now to gratify her charge as she had been to annoy, insult and terrify her before, supplied her with paper and pens and ink, and when her intellect was controllable, she instructed her with patience and dignity. Mother Kurstegan, wrecked as she was in mind and body, still possessed much of her original vigor of brain and her cultivated mental power. From the age of fourteen to twenty-three she had received instructions in the best schools of England. A pet, a prodigy, everybody felt an interest in her progress—and no doubt her vanity had been stimulated, and her pride ungovernably roused by injudicious flattery. In company with her husband, in the first happy years of their wedded life, she had travelled the continent over, and visited all the places of mark. With reminiscences of these travels she had regaled the child, who learned to watch for her footsteps, and to read in her face whether the mind walked in light or darkness. Left much to herself, Chip learned to depend upon her own resources. In the long summer evenings the old woman taught her to embroider with beads, and to make many curious ornaments of Indian craft. The walls, white and bare, were covered with sketches in charcoal, which the child gathered from the burnt embers after their meals were over. Sometimes Mother Kurstegan would draw an Indian warrior, with club outstretched and feathery crown, and sometimes the child, gathering her subjects from the beautiful prospect of cloud, sky and river, would delineate them with rare skill. The little girl had become accustomed to her home. She thought of the past; she loved to speak of Park Dinsmore, and wonder if he missed his "little bird." She could talk freely of him to the old Indian, for Park had shown the latter a kindness at the old inn fireside that she had never forgotten.

The first of August came. The mellow light of a setting sun flooded the harbor, and streamed in through the coarse and tattered curtains that had been hung across the windows to keep out the hot daylight. But now the blinds were thrown back, the old curtains looped to one side by Chip's skillful fingers, the great room was clean, a gentle breeze rustled through, and Chip sat alone, a little back from the open window, nursing her beautiful thoughts, when a thundering knock at the door startled her. She sprang breathlessly to her feet, the blood receded from her face even to her lips; perhaps the doctor had found her; and with a regret and a great hope that mingled and shot through her heart like lightning, she stood uncertain what to do. Again the knock, louder, more impatient. There was no way of entering; Mother Kurstegan had the key, and she had promised, with solemn words, that terrified her to repeat, that she would never speak or betray her presence by a sign. Her resolution had almost given way, when a German voice shouted from below—the man at the door answered in German, and the person moved on knocking at another door. Chip sat down and cried, and so the Indian found her.

"What! some one came—and did you speak?" she said in accents of terror, her black eyes flashing fire.

"No, no, I was still; I didn't speak," said the girl, shrinking back.

"Ah! but you thought some one had come for you; you hoped they would break in the door, tear down the house and carry you away; I know you did."

Chip was silent; she had hoped they would break down the door, but not tear down the house.

"And that after I have bought you these," exclaimed the excited woman, pointing to a bundle, "books, beautiful books, and a box full of colors and brushes, and pictures, and plenty of fine paper, that I risked my very life to buy, and that cost me all I have earned—oh!" she cried, turning away with anguished face, "how can I love her so, and she his child?"

"I am very sorry," said Chip, her face brightening at the enumeration of so many things she had longed for, "I—I don't think—if—if I could see Park sometimes I should feel very bad."

"You would like to see him! poor child, it is a pity if he should die of the fever, that you couldn't see him just once; what are you sobbing for, what are you trembling for?"

"Park is sick with the fever and going to die," cried the child with unaccountable anguish; "you said so; oh! mother, father—Park, dear Park!"

"No, he isn't sick, silly one—be silent; he's not sick; he's well in his own mother's home; and hark! sometime I'll carry you there; I will, on the word of an Indian. Now be quiet and look at these beautiful things. Are you very sure *that if you saw Park you would be* happy here?"

"Oh! yes, yes, I know I should!" exclaimed Chip, with earnestness.

"Well I'll see, perhaps he'll come on an eagle sometime and spring into the window." The child jumped; her vivid imagination had seized on the picture, and she turned to the window as if to catch a glimpse of the outstretched wings, or the handsome face of her friend. The Indian laughed her wild laugh, and for some moments, sitting down on the floor, locking her arms about her knees, her mind wandered. By and by she sprang up, went towards Chip, and encircling her with both arms, she said with earnestness, "you're a pretty creature!" Chip flushed, and she stood quiet, hardly knowing how to receive the admiration of her Indian captor. "Your curls have grown since then," resumed the Indian, pulling at the short wings that had changed from gold to brown; "take off the cap." Very gladly Chip untied the dark cotton covering which she had worn daily, and let fall the thick, soft tresses on her cheeks.

"I couldn't mar your beauty, sweet child, ever since I heard you pray that first night. I meant to cut your hair off close; I meant to scar you," she added, shuddering as she spoke, "with the tattoo mark—but I couldn't," and she added, solemnly, "there's a higher power than mine. It's been no will of mine that spared you."

Chip still gazed at her vaguely.

"You don't like these clothes, do you?" continued the woman, pointing to the half-jacket, half-basque that hung loosely on the upper part of the child's body, and the Indian leggins, rudely made, and Indian moccasins under them.

Chip shook her head. The woman mused a moment, her features grew softer, and a human tenderness moistened her eyes with tears. "I will," she muttered, then added, aloud, "I'll get you some better clothes, and you shall go with me and see Park. Le Vaugn is sick on his bed, the doctor's wife out of town, and nobody would know me in these clothes; the trouble would be with her. But I'll do it; I've run risks before—she *shall* see him, though I must get his promise first; come, we'll have some supper."

Since Chip's abduction, the old woman had dressed in deep mourning, with a thick veil over her face. The dress she had purchased of a travelling Jew, and none would suspect the straight, dark woman, in her plaited cap and deep black bonnet, to be the abductor whose name had been for years a terror in the city. The humble meal was spread—the supper eaten, and the remains cleared away. As twilight came on, a brown and dusky twilight, the atmosphere grew more oppressive.

"There'll be a good many cases to-night," remarked the Indian, standing by the window; "how this hot blast will take them off! And if the fools would eat spruce, or drink beer, they could save themselves. Well, when Doctor Rush, and Doctor Angell, and the rest of the great physicians get sick, I guess I'll go to doctoring. Ha! I might make money; I wonder if Le Vaugn's got the fever? I hope so! I hope he'll die with it!"

She looked down; Chip's eyes were fastened on her face.

"What fever?" she asked.

"Oh, you don't know anything about it; look at the flies over the river—what swarms! clouds like gray smoke—a bad sign; go away from the window, child; this air is poison for you!"

"Shall I light a candle?" asked the little girl, moving towards the hearth.

"Yes, yes—what clouds!" she added, to herself, "filled with thunder, and no signs of rain! Faugh! how the river smells! The pools, too, the water at the wharf, covered with thick green scum; anybody might know a fever would come. What! you've got them out!—pretty things! shall I show you how the Indians paint?"

"Yes," replied Chip, with some of her old tremor, and Mother Kurstegan patched her face with brown and red and white, and laughed hideously. Chip stepped backwards with a little fear, and the Indian sprang after her, but desisted as with a scream of real terror, the child flung up her hands.

"It's nothing, child; here, I'll wipe it all off; there, now; take your paper and your brushes and make a pretty picture."

"I don't feel like it," said Chip, sadly, "my head aches."

"What!" cried the Indian, catching hold of the child's hands, which had grown hot, "have I frightened you so? Poor little Chip! poor little darling! there," and holding her close to her breast, she asked, "Does your head ache now?"

"Yes, dreadfully," replied Chip, with a tearful, mournful manner.

"No, it don't—no, no; I tell you it *don't* ache; now, see here; your head is as cool as a plantain leaf; look at me; you haven't the least sign of a headache—it's imagination."

Chip shook her head.

"It aches everywhere," she said, with emphasis.

The Indian, with changed manner, sat back and looked at the child.

"Then it's all over," she murmured; "she'll die and leave me, just because I care for her; if I hated her she'd live forever."

"When will you take me to Park?" asked Chip, eagerly, and she lifted her eyes, heavy and red, as she very faintly added, "will you take me there to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes, if I don't take you to your grave instead," muttered the Indian to herself; and drawing Chip to her side, she felt her pulse, laid her hand over her forehead, and springing up, she muttered,—"I must get water and heat it."

Taking a large tin pail in one hand, and throwing a shawl over her head with the other, she went out, locking the door after her; and Chip sank down upon her little bed, groaning with pain. Presently the Indian came back, kindled a fire, and putting a small quantity of water on to boil, busied herself among her herb-bags. Finding the one she wanted, which contained dried spruce leaves and twigs, she threw a handful into the water, and stooping down, watched it as it boiled.

"Water!" cried Chip, rousing herself; "oh, if I could only see Park! May I, to-morrow?"

"Yes, yes," replied the Indian, hastily, holding the dipper to her lips.

"And my mother and my father?"

"Yes, yes, if you don't meet 'em in Heaven," mumbled Mother Kurstegan.

"Oh, how I should like to go! If I could only be a bird and fly there!" she murmured, drowsily.

"Oh, it's coming the worst way!" cried the Indian, stooping above her, and noting the purple flush on her eyes, and the darkening color of her lips; "she mustn't sleep!" and hastening back to the fire, she took off the preparation, poured it into an earthen bowl, and carried it to the bedside. Its strong odor filled the room, and the Indian, wakening the child, coaxed and scolded until she drank the whole, and sank back quietly upon her bed.—That night, long after the mid-hours were gone, an anxious watcher sat in the great, lonely room. The candle flared on the mantle, making grotesque the pencillings of the fair little hand along the walls. The box of bright colors lay open on the little table; sheets of paper, fallen on the floor, were scattered about in confusion, and now, drooping her head in momentary forgetfulness, anon listening to Chip's hurried breathing, and watching the red spot of fever deepen or fade on her cheeks, the Indian woman kept her faithful vigil. Chip looked radiant as an angel in the dim light. Her brow, her neck, her hands assumed a transparent whiteness, and her hair lay tossed in short bright waves on the dingy coverlet. Without, all was silent, but lights flitted along the streets from window to window; in almost every house there was a light; and the hot, stifling, murky atmosphere fell down over the whole city like a pall.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SPREAD OF THE PESTILENCE.

Le Vaugn stepped outside his own door for the first time in many weeks. It was Monday morning, but none of the usual activity of business met his eye and ear. It was ten o'clock, but many of the houses along the street were closed and abandoned. There was only occasionally a solitary passer by, and one was at that moment coming by Le Vaugn's residence. He looked up and saw Le Vaugn standing on the steps, as if uncertain whether to go or not, and paused to speak with him.

"You have just recovered from illness," he said, still keeping his position, below near the edge of the walk; "have you had the fever?"

"No," Le Vaugn replied.

The answer electrified the other, he came forwards and offered his hand, saying,

"We heard it was the fever.

"Mine has been a sickness of the mind, or rather a nervous affection," replied Le Vaugn, with a faint smile, walking along up the street; "the city," he added, "has a very unusual appearance."

"No wonder," responded his friend, "there has been a regular stampede going on ever since yesterday. It's quite melancholy to see such a state of things, whether there is so much danger as is apprehended, or not. Water street is a desert; good heaven! it's enough to make a man weep to look that way. South wharves is as empty as the churches, and Chestnut street seems all the more desolate, from seeing here and there a forlorn attempt at business. I presume you are going out of the city."

"No," returned Le Vaugn, gloomily, "I have sent away my housekeeper and my family—I shall stay here whatever comes."

"But you can't expect to carry on your paper."

"I shall as long as I can; I am just going to the office, to relieve my friend Van Alstyne; he is working too hard, poor fellow. Which way are you?"

"I'm going to the State-House. A meeting of the citizens has just been called to organize a Committee of Public-Health. I have little heart, or hope, however; this shutting the barn-door after the horse is stolen, seems to me a senseless thing. The whole panic might have been prevented, if good sanitary regulations had been put in force six months ago, when it was agitated by the press and the citizens."

As they turned into Chestnut street, Le Vaugn paused for a moment in utter dismay. Store after store, wont to glow and glitter with richness in the light of the morning sun, was closed and barred, a long array of blanks—no busy eye nor hand; no stalls on the sidewalks—no throngs of well-dressed women—no crowds of eager merchants, nor chattering speculators; all still; now and then a rumbling carriage—occasionally a laden cart—sometimes a ragged boy, whose manner as he shuffled by was more eloquent than his tongue."

"I had no idea of the state of things," said Le Vaugn, looking round, haggardly; "if this keeps on, we shall see grass growing in Chestnut street."

"That is what they prophesy," said the other. "I turn off here—will you go and see what they are doing?"

"No," replied Le Vaugn, "but if you will bring me a little digest of the meeting for the paper, I will thank you."

The man promised to do so, and moved on. As Le Vaugn passed one of the churches, a few men and women were just leaving the door. All looked dejected, as if the spirit of the pestilence was upon them. They had met together to supplicate Heaven in behalf of the city. Sometimes a rosy-cheeked servant, with duster or pail in hand, broke the monotony of barred windows and closed doors, but seldom did the face of young or old light up the dreary way, and over all there was a great silence. Van Alstyne sat at his post, calm, composed, even cheerful. He was writing as Le Vaugn entered, but instantly arose and greeted the latter with a pleasant smile.

"I am happy to see you able to be out," he said, gently forcing Le Vaugn into his vacant chair.

"I hardly know whether the occasion is one of happiness or of sorrow to myself," replied Le Vaugn, leaning feebly back and depositing his cane near by.

"You allude to the sickness. It is indeed melancholy. Doctor Angell has just been here and left his report. The mortality for the last week has been fearful."

"And you intend to stay?" asked Le Vaugn, as he looked up into the pleasant face of the professor, while insensibly his heart gathered comfort from his smile.

"Oh! yes, I never feel any fear of contagion, and I may be of some service."

"I shall stay, too—but I confess my motives are far less honorable than yours; I have some hopes that the fever will do me the honor to select me for one of its victims," he added with a grim smile.

Van Alstyne could not forbear a look of reproof.

"Is not one sick-bed experience sufficient for you?" he asked, gravely.

"I am tired of the world, and have no longer any wish to live," said Le Vaugn, gloomily.

"Life to the thoughtful man," said Van Alstyne, "is not a despotism of self; we must live for each other."

"Aye! you talk like a Christian, as no doubt you are; I am glad you can be; as for me, I am on the goats' side;" responded Le Vaugn, with a light laugh.

"I hope not, sir," said Van Alstyne.

"Oh! yes; but the fact is, Van Alstyne, I haven't the least wish to be what you call a Christian; strange, isn't it? Van Alstyne—if Yellow Jack should clutch me, there is one

face, though, I should like to see at my bedside, and that is yours."

"If ever you should want my services," replied Van Alstyne, "I will be near you at any extremity."

"Thank you; my poor boy—if he should be left fatherless, remember I appoint you his guardian; it's all down in black and white—you understand; you could still overlook his education—and—Van Alstyne—make a Christian of him if you can."

"That is God's work," replied the professor.

"Yes, I know; but man has a good deal to do with it," responded Le Vaugn significantly, "if I had had a Martha to oversee my infancy, or a Van Alstyne instead of a fashionable mother, and a father wholly absorbed in getting money, I should have been a different man from what I am. You notice, perhaps, that I have abolished wine at my tables and at the assemblies—solely on account of my boy; if he goes to hell he shan't say I've been instrumental in sending him there," he exclaimed with emphasis.

Van Alstyne knew not what to say, but stood passing the feathers of his pen up and down the palm of his hand.

"Your friend Park stays out of town now, I presume, altogether," resumed Le Vaugn. "Had you not better stop with him until the city is healthier? you cannot teach."

"No, sir, very few of my students are here to be sure, but I shall remain. My landlady, poor woman, is in a high state of excitement, on account of so many of her boarders having left her, but she is very much consoled by my promise to stay by her; she is a widow, poor and old, and needs assistance and advice."

"You're a good fellow, Van Alstyne," exclaimed Le Vaugn, impulsively, holding out his hand; "the world needs such as you; but, as for me, the sooner it is rid of me the better."

"You write bitter things against yourself, sir; your illness has made you weak and nervous."

Le Vaugn, with a light laugh, turned abruptly away.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE PLAGUE SMITTEN CITY.

At last, business was entirely suspended, and those who had the means to provide themselves with a home, fled from the city. Shrieks and moans struck painfully on the ear of the weary night-watcher, and the rumble of the dead-carts was their only and awful response. The brooding cry of death rung out at intervals—sometimes a solitary woman, upborne above the fear of contagion by the suffering of some one dearer to her than life, fled along the deserted streets to the ever open offices of the few physicians who remained, and there entreated, prayed, on bended knees, amid a crowd of almost raving suppliants, that the doctor would go with *her* first, using all manner of touching supplications. The sun, like a hot, red ball, hung in the coppery sky, motionless, lurid, drawing up the vapors from stagnant marshes, from poisonous pools, and the fetid docks; the moon, by night, pale and ghost-like, swam in the misty clouds, sending forth a sickly light on the deserted streets—looking into empty tenements after the last victim had been borne from his infected bed, or perchance lighting the clammy brow that had not one friend left to wrap the cerements of the grave around it. The costly merchandise for which, before, men and women would barter their souls, lay in the darkness and the dust, and the spider wove his web over them, and the rats rustled among the silks and velvets, and found soft sleeping places on them. The merchants, who had been made rich by these things, thought of them no more, for some of them lay in deeper darkness and more gloomy quiet than they. It was the season of fruits, but many who ventured in from the purer air of the country, to bear the cooling juices of the orchards to the parched and bleeding lips of the plague stricken, were themselves infected, and made their graves in the unmarked ground of the city. No music, no voices ringing with melody, came through closed shutters or astral-lighted curtain. The hammer of the artisan was rusted; all the places of toil were closed and silent. Death looked out from every window; the stalwart form of the young man, the angel presence of the little child, humming its way home from school, the glad step of the maiden, the bent and tottering form of the aged man, with stout stick and all-very hairs, were all gone; the whole place seemed one lamenting wilderness; dust gathered over the hot paving stones, and in the lower portions of the city, where a little moisture might penetrate, the grass grew at the doors of the dwellings, and thickly through the middle of the streets, undisturbed by wheel, or the foot of man or beast. The earth mourned, and the heavens were black, but not with clouds of rain. Day after day the longing eyes gazed upward, and hot lips prayed for rain. Oh! if one little shower would fall to cool the melting atmosphere! If they might but catch the dews of the morning! but no dews fell. Dawn and noon and night were burnt into uniform drought. The river shrunk from the wharves, and exposed only masses of putrefying mud; no white sails dotted the near or distant expanse; the hearty yo-heave-ho of the sailor was never heard in all that dismal time.

Dr. Angell, wearied, disquieted, and himself suffering from unfavorable symptoms, sat watching by the bed of his only sister. She had stayed with him, though he had resisted her entreaties to the utmost, until overcome by her determined spirit, he had yielded to her importunities. Night after night she had sat up till his return, ready with her gentle smile to welcome him, and prepare his needed refreshment. But at last the fever seized her, prostrating her in a moment, and the doctor came home one weary night, to find her in the arms of a faithful black servant, who, weeping and lamenting, could only cry, "Oh! missee got de fever—Car'line's heart be broke." This was a sad prospect for the despoiling physician. He was hungry; so fatigued, that his knees trembled with weakness, and he knew that in the anteroom was a crowd of poor creatures only restrained from rushing in upon him by the firmness of his servant who, sometimes, by mere force, obtained for his master a few minutes' respite for refreshment, if not sleep.

"Oh! this is hopeless!" he groaned, examining his sister's pulse and tongue; "God give me strength—this unmans me. Eunice, my sister; she has given her life for me."

"Oh! marse doctor!" exclaimed the black girl, with voice and gesture of deep distress, "if she dies, we's all die; she jest keep up our hearts so. Oh! marse doctor, do save Miss Eunice."

"Would to God I might, my poor girl," replied the doctor, with a hopeless look, as he administered the usual remedies—"no nurse, to help!" and he groaned bitterly as, for the first time, despair looked him in the face. The doors were open that led into the hall, and as he sat down despondently, a figure advanced dressed in gray, and entering the room, came towards the doctor, saying, "can I be of any service to you, Doctor Angell?" He looked up: the calm, sweet face of Quaker John's forewoman met his gaze, serene and beautiful even beneath the faded locks and the cap of age.

"My dear woman," exclaimed the doctor, rising, "you are running a fearful risk to leave the well protected house of friend Lake; and yet it seems as if heaven had sent you in my extremity."

"Believe so," said the Quaker's forewoman, removing her bonnet and the thin shawl of lace as she spoke, "I have watched the Sisters of Mercy going day by day in the midst of infection, frailer and more delicate women than myself, and I feel as if God had given me a work to do; so as John Lake and Rebecca his sister advised me to come to you, here I am; and I find I must begin my mission with you; you look almost sick yourself. Build a fire here," she continued, turning to the negro girl, whose face had lightened as she listened to the brave words, "and I will make a dish of tea for the doctor."

"Here!" exclaimed the girl, wiping the beaded drops of perspiration from her streaming face, "and so hot?"

"Yes, fire is the greatest safeguard against infection. We have twelve in the family at home," she added, "all Quaker John's nieces, and his three married sisters, and their husbands, and thus far not one of them has been sick. Just lay your head down while the fire is being made," she added, adjusting a pillow on the lounge, "I will attend to your sister; and let me tell you how we live. Not an outside door or a window is permitted to be opened in the morning till ten o'clock. A fire is kindled in every room in the house, and even in the cellar as early as four o'clock, before sunrise. We breakfast on light bread and coffee, keep perfectly quiet until ten, then all the windows are thrown up, all the doors opened and the fires suffered to go out. Then we commence work, and keep employed till half past three in the afternoon, eating a warm dinner as usual. The servants, meantime, go in and out, walking to the stations where they procure provisions. At that hour every door is closed again, a fire kindled in every room, and we occupy ourselves in reading and light work, take no supper, or a very little, if hungry, and retire early. Strange to say, we feel no warmer sitting with our lighted fires, and windows closed, than we did with the house all open. Now sleep a moment if you can," she added, as the doctor's eyes closed languidly. "There's a good fire, and I will make you a strong cup of tea and wake you up when it is ready." The sick woman lay in a stupor, her eyes half closed, her lips apart, her face purpled around the mouth and eyes, and giving no indications of life save now and then a short, sighing breath.

"Come, my good girl," said the forewoman, cheerfully, though there were tears in her eyes as she turned from the mournful sight, "find a white cloth, and set the small table yonder with the usual dishes. Be quick and quiet as you can while the doctor rests." The servant obeyed her, though with a look of extreme astonishment; she brought a white cover and napkins, a silver tea-urn and the china dishes that had been left, and with a few touches from the hand of her director, the table presented a cheerful sight.

"Now bring me the sugar and the tea; I suppose you have no milk."

"Yes, Miss Eunice sent a man five miles to bring some to-day, and a chicken besides, killed dis noon," replied the girl.

"A chicken!" exclaimed the other, "I had no idea you had any fresh meat; has Doctor Angell eaten any lately?"

"I reckon not, 'cause he bin so on de go—he git no chance; dat's cause why Miss Eunice git um."

"Can you broil it in some other fire-place? Here are plenty of live coals."

"Oh! yis, down underneaf dis room; some coals dar now, I 'spect, do' know."

"Then go quick and broil it nicely."

"I has to go pas' de long room, an' I darsn't go 'lone," said the girl, shuddering; "dey all comes out on me, 'cause dey tink I's Doctor Angell; I's tremble so when I gits down below I's good for noting. Miss Eunice she never lets me go 'lone."

"Then I'll go with you," said the forewoman, taking a shovel full of coals, and following the frightened thing; she proceeded along the upper hall, descended the short flight of stairs, when a sight met her eyes that caused her to start back, and almost scream with terror.

"I tell you so," articulated the negro, her teeth chattering in her head, as she also drew back; "dat long room's mighty ugly sight—'deed 'tis."

A stout black man stood outside the door, with a pretence of being armed. Very likely there was no powder in the pistol at his waist; he held a huge, thick cane, and stood with his powerful frame leaning against one side, his body crossing the door at an acute angle. Near him, on hands and knees, with visages frightfully distorted, and yellow eyes glaring towards the staircase, couched many of the fever patients; others lay about on the floor, livid and ghastly and half clothed; some were stretched along chairs, with their heads hanging helplessly down; a few were walking feebly about, with dishevelled locks and hair in disorder, their hands clenched and their eyes rolling in the direction of the approaching footsteps.

"Keep back, all of you; 'tain't the doctor yet," shouted the man, as those who could, leaped or crowded near; "doctor's half-dying hisself—up all night an' all day—ain't ye got any pity on him?"

As the mild woman and the black girl ventured past, groans and exclamations of disappointment rung out, and froze their very blood with horror.

"Now, my girl, you may wake the doctor up. Stop! have you a screen in the house?—a bed-screen?" asked the forewoman as she looked over towards the purpled features of poor Eunice.

"Yes, yes, at de head of de stairs," replied the girl; "ki! we hasn't had a table set like dat dese yer two months!" she added, with animation.

"I did it, thinking it might cheer his spirits a little, poor fellow! it is hard to rouse him, he sleeps so comfortably. What must his poor wife suffer, denied the privilege of watching at his side! go, get the screen and place it by the bed." It was done; a word sufficed to awaken the doctor, who sprang to his feet with a wild glare that was painful to see.

"How is she?" were his first words—"no better?" he added rapidly, hurrying to the bedside—"I see I shall lose my sister."

"Oh! no," said the forewoman, mildly, "you never give up a stranger in that manner—she is so dear to you that your love lends speed to your fear."

"True, true," said the doctor, but still he shook his head as he turned away. The sight of the pleasant supper-table cheered him insensibly; the presence of the quiet woman who had taken his sister's place contributed to raise his drooping spirits. He ate sparingly of the meat provided, and felt strengthened and refreshed. There was heart in his simple "thank you" that fully repaid Leoline, and a serene peace filled her bosom such as she had never known before. (CONCLUDED IN OUR NEXT.)

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER WHIMS.—Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to day; hot to-morrow; mercury at 80 deg. in the morning, with wind at south-west; and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now, so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I don't know how it is: we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather, are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian summer, with its bland south-west, and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness.—*Rufus Choate.*

☞ The first pressure of sorrow crushes out from our hearts the best wine; afterwards the constant weight of it brings forth bitterness,—the taste and stain from the lees of the vat.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1857.

All the Contents of the Post are Set up Expressly for it, and it alone. It is not a mere Reprint of a Daily Paper.

TERMS.

The subscription price of the POST is $2 a year in advance—served in the city by Carriers—or 4 cents a single number.

The POST is believed to have a larger country circulation than any other Literary Weekly in the Union without exception.

The POST, it will be noticed, has something for every taste—the young and the old, the ladies and gentlemen of the family may all find in its ample pages something adapted to their peculiar liking.

Back numbers of the POST can generally be obtained at the office, or of any energetic Newsdealer. Owing, however, to the great and increasing demand for the Paper, those wishing back numbers had better apply as early as possible, our rule being "First come, first served."

REJECTED COMMUNICATIONS.—We cannot undertake to return rejected communications. If the article is worth preserving, it is generally worth making a clean copy of.

ADVERTISEMENTS.—The POST is an admirable medium for advertisements, owing to its great circulation, and the fact that only a limited number are given. Advertisements of new books, new inventions, and other matters of general interest, are preferred. For rates, see head of advertising columns.

PROSPECTUS.

For the information of strangers who may chance to see this number of the POST, we may state that among its contributors are the following gifted writers:

WILLIAM HOWITT, (OF ENGLAND,) ALICE CARY, T. S. ARTHUR, GRACE GREENWOOD, AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, MRS M. A. DENISON, The Author of "AN EXTRA-JUDICIAL STATEMENT," The Author of "ZILLAH, THE CHILD MEDIUM," &c., &c.

We are now engaged in publishing the two following novelets, BOTH OF WHICH WILL BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

CHIP, THE CAVE CHILD;
A STORY OF PENNSYLVANIA.

An Original Novelet, written for the POST by Mrs MARY A. DENISON, Author of "Mark, the Sexton," "Home Pictures," &c.

THE WAR TRAIL;
A Romance of the War with Mexico,
BY CAPT. MAYNE REID.

At the close of "Chip," we design commencing one of the following—ALL OF WHICH WILL ALSO BE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY AS THEY ARE PUBLISHED, WITH APPROPRIATE ENGRAVINGS:—

LIGHTHOUSE ISLAND.

An Original Novelet, by the Author of "My Confession," "Zillah; The Child Medium," &c.

FOUR IN HAND; OR THE BEQUEST.

Written for the POST, by GRACE GREENWOOD.

THE RAID OF BURGUNDY.
A TALE OF THE SWISS CANTONS

By AUGUSTINE DUGANNE, Author of "The Last of the Wilderness," &c., &c.

In addition to the above list of contributions we design continuing the usual amount of FOREIGN LETTERS, ORIGINAL SKETCHES, CHOICE SELECTIONS from all sources, AGRICULTURAL ARTICLES, GENERAL NEWS, HUMOROUS ANECDOTES, ENGRAVINGS, View of the PRODUCE AND STOCK MARKETS, THE PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKET, BANK NOTE LIST, &c. For terms, see the head of this column.

INDIAN CHARACTER.

At a recent meeting of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, a statement was read from Miss Randolph—daughter of Governor Randolph, of Virginia, and granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson—which had been addressed in vindication of the truth of history, to the Rev. Charles Kingsley, in consequence of a slur cast by him upon the character of Pocahontas, in his gorgeous romance of "Amyas Leigh." Mr. Kingsley's statement is this:—

"Had it not been for the admirable good sense and constancy of Amyas, Ayacanora might have ended even more miserably than did the far-famed Pocahontas, daughter of the Virginia king, who, after having been received at Court by the old pedant James the First, with the honors of a sister sovereign, and having become the reputed ancestress of more than one ancient Virginian family, ended her days in wretchedness in some Wapping garret.

"For the mind of the savage, crushed by the sight of the white man's superior skill, and wealth, and wisdom, loses at length its self-respect; while his body, pampered with easily obtained luxuries, instead of having to win the necessaries of life by heavy toil, loses its self-helpfulness; and with self-respect and self-help vanish all the savage virtues, few and flimsy as they are, and the downward road toward begging and stealing, sottishness and idleness is easy, if not sure."

Miss Randolph shows conclusively enough, both by the records of the Virginia Company, and by the testimony of the famous Captain John Smith, that Pocahontas was the real, and not merely the reputed, ancestress of several Virginia families, and that she was indeed the beautiful, innocent, tender, generous, benevolent, and devoted being that the early history of that State, on which she sheds such a romantic grace and charm, has reported her to have been. It is shown, moreover, that she died at Gravesend, England, where she had gone with her husband for the purpose of embarking with him for America, he having been appointed Secretary and Recorder-General of Virginia. There is no reason to suppose, as Mr. Kingsley's statement would seem to imply, that Pocahontas received any neglect or unkind treatment at the hands of Mr. Rolf, who appears to have used her tenderly, and treated her honorably, to the last.

Criticism has disproved and dissolved so many of the statements and pictures of history, that we cannot regard the latter without suspicion and a sense of its possible unreliability. It is always gratifying, therefore, to find a historical assertion rendered trustworthy with proof. We come upon it with a pleasure comparable to that felt by one who discovers steadfast and solid ground in his tremulous journey across a quaking marl. To the lover of history, it must be a matter of special gratification to know that the commonly received, poetic idea of Pocahontas is based upon unimpeachable facts. She is still, as of heretofore, the beautiful Miranda of that primeval shore where the adventurous captain and his band first found her; and the story of her gentle loving kindness to the colonists, her watchful care over their safety, and her myriad acts of charity, affection and devotion, is still bright and unimpaired. Reading the old record, she seems their light, invisible protector—less a woman than a spirit—so constant, so active, and so intelligent is the service she rendered to them. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the nimble and delicate apprehension, the innocence the pity, and, in a word, the moral loveliness that Shakspeare bestowed upon the gentle being of the enchanted island in "The Tempest," seem actualized in her.

Mr. Kingsley's theory respecting the Indian virtues is, as Miss Randolph says, ingenious, but is also very questionable. Indian character, to our mind, is quite as various as American or European, and like either, has always been moulded and influenced to a great degree by idiosyncracies of race and external circumstances. The Indian of the north west is a very different being from the Indian of the south-west. The Delaware and Narragansett were as dissimilar from the Sioux and Blackfeet, as these are from the Comanche and Utah. Certain tribes in certain quarters are undoubtedly, far more darkened and degraded, far more vicious, filthy, and ignoble, than other tribes in other sections are, or can be. The student of Indian character will find that the law of kinds holds good in regard to it, as well as to other character; and that while the virtues of some Indian nations are flimsy enough, the virtues of others are genuine and strong. No crowd, however great, of salacious, self-indulgent, thievish, bloodthirsty Comanches, or filthy, idiotic Diggers, can obscure the nobility of those grave, manly, mournful, continent, austere, and generous tribes—great, though fallen from some high ancestral state, whose senescent splendor still glimmers in their character—tribes that have given to song and story such figures as Massasoit, Canonicus, and Metamora.

It is simply untrue to say, that the savage virtue has ever been destroyed or deteriorated by contact with the white man's skill, wealth and wisdom. It is contact with the white man's ignorance, brutality, insolence, selfishness, and meanest passions and vices, that has proved baneful to the Indian. To show a man no respect or consideration is the surest way to weaken his self-respect and self-consideration. No consideration or respect for the Indian has ever characterized any of the Anglo-Saxon's dealings with him, save in two instances—those two, bright with the names of Roger Williams and William Penn. Treated, socially and politically, as an outcast and an underling, is it any wonder that the Indian degenerates? Treat any body of men, no matter how noble, as the Indians have been treated, and similar effects will follow, only varied by the inherent peculiarities of the victims' character.

But justice to the Indians must come, if at all, from the hands of leaders and legislators. It is idle and foolish to expect the settlers and pioneers of the prairies to practice the Christian virtues towards these people. The Indian, brutalized, outraged, and maddened by the individual wickedness of government agents, and the heartless policy of the nation, will naturally attack the settler's home, and the settler has no resource but to defend himself and his children with the knife and rifle against the savage, from whom Government might more effectually defend him by the exercise of measures founded upon Christian justice and love. Equal recognition of the Indian's rights and feelings as a man—equal power given to him to personally protect himself by law—energetic and systematic efforts made by government—not individuals or associations—for his education and Christianization in common with other people—these, and similar measures would make him the friend and ally of our countrymen, and not their foe. Till such measures are carried into practice, he will still plunder and murder the pioneer, and the pioneer must, in self-defence, exterminate him. The wisdom of statesmen might knit together the antagonists in a firm bond of mutual interest and lasting amity; but till this is done, conflict between the white and the Indian is inevitable.

THE ADULTERATION OF LIQUORS.

We have recently read in the Boston *Traveller* a letter giving a mass of facts with regard to the adulteration of liquors in this country, which is likely to make any drinking man sicken over his glass at the thought of the poisons he is probably imbibing at every draught. The letter above mentioned is mainly made up of extracts from a work published in New York, for private circulation among liquor-sellers and manufacturers. It is a work of 308 pages, with a preface signed by the author. It is prepared expressly for the trade, anonymous application at the printer's for a copy having been met with a refusal to sell. The title of the work is as follows:—

"The Manufacture of Liquors, Wines and Cordials, Without the Aid of Distillation.—Also the Manufacture of Effervescing Beverages and Syrups, Vinegar and Bitters. Prepared and Arranged Expressly for the Trade, by Pierre Lacour, of Bordeaux. Published by Subscription. New York: R. Craighead, printer, 53 Vesey street, 1853."

Among the subjects copied from the index of the work are these:—"Manufacture of Domestic Liquors by concealing the Odor of the Grain Oil." "Imitation of Rum—Jamaica, St. Croix, New Orleans, and New England." "Manufacture of Low Proof Spirit." "Imitation of French Brandies, as practised in France." "The conversion of Common Gin into Schiedam Schnapps." "For increasing a volume of spirit without a loss of strength." "Giving Body and Age to Liquors." "Coloring." "The manufacturing of Wines," &c., &c., &c.

The drugs prescribed in the receipts given for making various liquors, are, in many instances, ruinous to health because highly medicinal, and in others are simply downright poisons. Among the ingredients recommended for making Schiedam Schnapps are oil of juniper, alum, potash, spirit of nutmeg, oil of winter-green, spirits of nitre, spirits of nitric ether, acetic ether, nitric acid, and sulphuric acid! To make Malaga wine, we have among other things, tincture of paradise, bitter almonds, and damaged raisins. To make Champagne, ginger, mustard, bitter almonds, alcohol, yeast, and cochineal for coloring. Anisette cordial has among its ingredients caustic potash! In ale and porter, instead of hops, which are expensive, the manufacturer is instructed to use quassia, nux vomica or strychnine, aloes, catechu, coculus indicus, copperas, pillitory, wormwood, and other drugs, of equal vileness. The book, which is stated to be in extensive circulation among the liquor makers, contains a multitude of receipts of this character.

Our letter-writer goes on to show that poisonous drugs for the manufacture of spurious liquors are now openly advertised by "respectable" druggists in New York. He says:—

"The circulars of Haskell, Merrick & Ball, and of Laxell, Marsh & Haven, and the price current of Carnes & Haskell, all well known drug dealers of New York, advertise various compounds for the manufacture of spurious liquors. Messrs. Carnes & Haskell, one of the most respectable firms in the country, advertise in their lists of oils, cognac green, at $9 per ounce, white at $10, and then add:

"'This article is now being very extensively used in the manufacture of brandies. The present high prices of the foreign article have caused distillers and dealers in liquors to make it themselves from the above oil, which can be done very easily and at small expense. We furnish valuable receipts to purchasers, and are confident that those who will give attention to it, will find it a useful and profitable article.'"

This is making the gruel thick and slab, with a vengeance! The ingredients of the hell-broth in *Macbeth* were clean and wholesome in comparison with the aloes, strychnine, coculus indicus, nitric and sulphuric acid with which these wretches prepare beverages which are drank by millions. No wonder diseases exist in such frightful varieties and to such a fearful extent while such practices as these are permitted. No wonder men have the megrims, and act, half the time, as if they had "eaten of the insane root that makes the reason prisoner" with such poisons as these fermenting and festering in their blood! Such facts as this man has dragged up to the light, fully annotate and justify those passionate and fiery denunciations flung forth by the laureate of England in his latest poem—"Maud"—which the London *Times* sneered at as the mere results of dyspepsia, and which some of our own presses scoffed at as mere morbidity, albeit worthy of Dante in his best hour:—

"Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by,
"When the poor are hovelled and hustled together like swine—
"When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie!
"Peace in her vineyard—yes!—*but a company forges the wine!*
"And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head
"Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife,
"While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread,
"*And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life!*"

Exactly! The spirit of murder—nothing less—working in the very food and drink of millions! Think of a body of men deliberately adulterating liquors which they know, if they know anything, will wreak the effects of slow-sure poison on every person unfortunate enough to drink them.

Total Abstinence men and anti-Total Abstinence men, temperance and anti-temperance people of every order and degree, might at least stand together on this point—resolved to reach the adulterators of liquor, and put a stop to their abominable chemistry with all possible despatch and in the most effectual manner. If liquor is to be sold and consumed, let it at least be free from poisonous admixtures. All sensible, honest men will agree that this practice of tainting it with unwholesome drugs and deadly poisons, deserves and demands the most stringent legislation, and the most unrelenting and determined hunting down. Its authors are not fit to live in the community, the health and life of which, they, for the sake of wicked gain, deliberately and designedly injure and destroy.

HOUSE PAINTING.

Now is the time, in this warm, drying weather when people paint their houses, and now is the time therefore when we in our great wisdom, may appropriately venture a few suggestions as to the colors which people should use for this purpose. Let us in this matter be artistic, or nothing. Art and beauty in America serve the utilities. Our esthetics appear not so much in statues and pictures as in our clipper ships, our steamboats, our engines, our dwelling architecture, and so forth. And in regard to our dwellings, let us decorate and not deform the landscape. To do this is possible, as any one who has looked upon the Egyptian pyramids, the Greek Parthenon, the Roman Coliseum, the English abbeys, the German cathedrals, the French palaces, can testify. These structures actually lend a new grace and grandeur to the scene, and Nature, as Emerson so beautifully tells us, in his stately verse,

"gladly gave them place,
Adopted them into her race,
And granted them an equal date
With Andes or with Ararat."

In another degree, the landscape may as surely catch the grace and glimmer of romance from a Highland shieling, an Irish cabin, an English cottage, or an American log-house, so that it is but harmonious in form and color with the scene, and is picturesque or tasteful. The great thing is to make the building auxiliary and subordinate to the landscape, not the landscape to the building. To do this, special regard must be paid, above all things, to color.

In New England, most of the houses in the country are painted white, with green blinds. It looks very neat and clean, but it is certainly not beautiful. The effect is that of so many staring spots on the landscape, and, in the sunlight, the white is an intolerable glare which vexes and fatigues the eye. In Pennsylvania, the colors are much better—that is, in the country. The houses are mainly done in the cool, retiring, unobtrusive, negative or neutral tints—the drabs, the grays, the gray-pinks, the browns, etc.,—and the adaptation of the tints of the houses to the tints of the landscape, is very pleasing. The eye is not forcibly and painfully arrested by a blot of positive color which insults and defies every other color around it, and has no kindred or communion with it, but rests satisfied on quiet, or negative tints which assimilate with the tints of the trees and the sky—which harmonize with them, and permit the house and the scene to be viewed as a totality.

It may be set down as a good rule that for buildings of the ordinary dwelling house size, positive, decided, or gloomy colors, such as white, black, or the dark hues, should not be used. The same rule would not apply to city dwellings, or to large masses of building. In regard to these last, it may be said that a great pile of architecture of necessity so completely fills the gaze by dint of its size, and makes all other things around it so unimportant in comparison, that a decided tint like white, or any positive color, is rather preferable than otherwise, since it lends, as it were, an emphasis to the general effect of the building, and more entirely concentrates the attention of the gazer on the beauty of the architectural design. Thus, Girard College is all the better for being built of white marble, or the Pyramids for being so decidedly dusk in color. But an ordinary dwelling is, by its very size, secondary to the surrounding objects in the landscape, and therefore if painted in positive colors, thrusts itself harshly upon the eye, and becomes a mere unassimilating, incongruous spot upon the scene.

The general aim should therefore be harmony, and to ensure this, quiet, subdued, cool and agreeable colors should be used. With regard to cool and cheerful tints, however, we are inclined to suggest that they are subject to the accessories. If a house is closely embowered with trees—maples, elms, beeches, etc.,—the warmer tints, such as the pink-grays, the lighter browns, the hot maroons, the yellows, etc., would bring it into necessary relief, and might, therefore, we think, be used to advantage. And, in case a dwelling were environed with the dark and solemn hemlocks, pines, &c., it would, we imagine, be a mistake to use cheerful and airy colors, the more sombre grays and browns being more congruous, and therefore preferable. But generally, when houses are relieved with the lighter green trees, not closely set around them, or when they are entirely open to the view in the midst of a gay and smiling landscape, cool, quiet, and cheerful colors are, as we think, to be chosen. The main thing is, as we have said, harmony, and to this end, one must study to paint his house such a color as not to make it obtrusive to the eye, but in unison with the general tone of the surrounding scenery.

It may also be said that the roof of a house, the verandas, etc., ought to be of a different color from the walls, or a darker shade of the same color. But the contrast must not be striking or violent. The colors must match, like the trimming of a lady's dress. A third color, also assimilative with the rest, should be used for the shutters. As a general thing, we think that when houses are painted with the sombre or subdued colors—brown, gray, etc.—the effect of green shutters is pleasant. With the lighter colors—pink-gray, yellow, ash color, etc.,—shutters of less positive hues are better. It should be remembered that the windows of a house are to it as eyes to the human countenance. At a little distance, they look dark. The exterior of shutters or better, the outside of the *slats* of the shutters, should be painted a darker color than the rest of the house. If this is done, when the shutters are closed, the house has still the effect of its windows. If the shutters are painted of the same color as the house, the effect, when they are closed, is to make the house look blind—in other words, windowless.

The main thing is, as we have said, harmony; and, to secure this, a man must consider the character of the landscape around his dwelling, and tone down the color of his house into agreement with the colors of the scene.

☞ Sentences in Holy Scripture, like hairs in horses' tails, concur in one root of beauty and power, but being pulled out one by one, serve only for springes and snares.—*Donne.*

New Publications.

CHIEF OF THE PILGRIMS; OR, THE LIFE AND TIMES OF WILLIAM BREWSTER, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) is a large, beautifully printed and superbly illustrated volume, by the REV. ASHBEL STEELE, A. M., of Washington City, whose work has been accomplished under the patronage and with the assistance of the various members of the Brewster family, and is a clear and complete historical narrative. It is the life of one of the sweetest and noblest of the Puritans, and it is also a story of that pathetic ordeal of struggle, privation and suffering which was endured by those lofty-hearted men and women who preferred the sad and savage shores of a strange land, to sensual ease under the tyranny of Elizabeth and James.—Forgetting that the dark stain of bigotry and intolerance on the early page of New England history is due only to a few sour and narrow individuals, there are many readers of that history who are accustomed to confound those bitter bigots with the entire body of the Puritans. Such persons may correct their error by a perusal of this memoir of Elder Brewster, who will be seen to have been a character of the noblest strain. If such men as Mather and Endicott were Puritans, it should be remembered that others like Brewster and Robinson were not less so. Brewster, especially, appears to have been the very flower of the Puritan chivalry. He was remarkable for calm and sweet piety, great practical acquaintance with all varieties of men and life, and varied and extensive learning. His manners were gentle and courteous, his habits and conversation innocent, discreet and social. With iron firmness of purpose, and unfaltering perseverance, he had also great humility—rating himself as among the least of his brethren. Yet he accepted promptly every responsibility, shared every deprivation with his fellow pilgrims, and spared no personal sacrifice. His sympathy for the needy, the afflicted, or the oppressed, was always ready, and his aid or comfort always prompt and effective. Firm as a governor, yet without severity; affectionate and persuasive as a counsellor and teacher; and strong and successful as a spiritual and temporal guide—he was, in a word, the Captain Greatheart of that little band of exiles and ancestors who crossed the winter sea on the deck of the Mayflower. He lived greatly and wisely, and died well. All that was mortal of him now lies in an unmonumented grave in the old burial ground at Plymouth. Peace to his dust, and everlasting honor!

OLD MORTALITY (Ticknor & Fields, Boston, for sale by T. B. Peterson,) is the latest issued two volumes of this exquisite edition of the Waverley Novels, whose claret-colored covers, embellished with the golden targe and crossed claymores, are not less grateful to the tasteful eye, than are its faultless letterpress and beautiful engravings. The work itself is too well known as one of the best of Walter Scott's romances, to need any commendation at our hands. Its graphic picture of old Scotch life and manners, would alone ensure it renown, to say nothing of that range of masterly individualizations, which includes Cuddy Headrigg, Mause, Bothwell, Claverhouse, Macbriar, Mucklewrath, and Balfour of Burley, or of its character as a stirring and splendid story of the strife for the Covenant.

A PRONOUNCING READING BOOK OF THE FRENCH LANGUAGE, by E. ARNOULT (Hickling, Swan & Brewer, Boston, for sale by E. H. Butler & Co., Philada.) is a work intended to render the *speaking* of French easy to the American student. The name of its author, who is a graduate of the Paris University, and the present instructor in the French language at Harard University, Cambridge, Mass., ought to be a sufficient recommendation of the work. Persons studying French, or those who propose travelling on the Continent, will do well to devote themselves to a mastery of its contents.

A SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND MINISTRY OF THE REV. C. H. SPURGEON, (Sheldon, Blakeman & Co., New York, J. B. Lippincott & Co., Phila.,) gives us sufficient information of the famous preacher who has made so much stir in England for a year past. His portrait, which decorates the book, represents him as a corpulent, fat-faced youth, with a rather loblolly cast of countenance, though lighted up with an expression of sly humor and acuteness.

PUTNAM'S MAGAZINE, for August, (T. B. Peterson, Phila.,) comes to us in a blaze of brilliance. Under the new management, it has improved remarkably. It is filled with various and entertaining matter, and with beautiful illustrations. Some of these pictures, from the pencil of Hoppin, are fully equal to anything the kind that has appeared in this country.

GOV. GEARY'S ADMINISTRATION IN KANSAS, (J. H. C. Whiting, Phila.,) is the work of his private secretary, Dr. John H. Gihon, M. D., and professes to contain a fully authenticated and complete history of affairs in that Territory up to June, 1857.

THE STEWARD, A ROMANCE OF REAL LIFE, Henry Cockton, (T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia,) will do for the sea-shore or woodland reading of the admirers of "Sylvester Sound," or "Valentine Vox," by the same author.

SLAVERY ORDAINED OF GOD, (J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia,) is the title of a series of speeches and articles by the Rev. Dr Ross, of Alabama.

☞ SURE ENOUGH.—Jones denies positively that women are angels, and proves it by reference to Biblical research; "for," says he, "if women were angels, Noah's wife would have doubtless been referred to as an Ark-angel, which she was not!"

☞ A correspondent relates that, one morning the past spring, a bobolink came and sang in a field near his house. His little four year old daughter was much delighted, and asked: "What makes he sing so sweet, mother? *Do he eat flowers?*"

☞ A gentleman, of Alabama, was lying in bed one morning, when a friend, stepping in, said: "P——, breakfast is coming on." "Let it come," exclaimed P——, with a look of defiance, "I am not afraid of it."

☞ A man may be said to belong to the vegetable kingdom when long experience takes him sage.

LETTER FROM PARIS.

PARIS, July 2, 1857.

Mr. Editor of the Post:

The ferment of the elections has subsided, and the domestic politics of *la belle France* are relapsing into the quietude which has distinguished them for the last five years. Three days hence, the electors of the three wards of this city, whose late elections were inconclusive, will be again called upon to deposit their vote in the ballot-box; with the exception of which incident, the political atmosphere promises to remain perfectly still.

Meantime, the coming visit of the Emperor and Empress to Queen Victoria at Osborne, is confirmed by the journals of both countries; a rumor of the Emperor's intention to get himself crowned in the course of the present year having, for the present, ceased to circulate.

A PARISIAN CIRCUS.

This fortunate city rejoices in the possession of three fine circus establishments, the two best of which, viz: the Cirque Napoleon, on the Boulevard Bonne-Nouvelle, and the Cirque de l'Imperatrice, in the Champs Elysees are in the hands of the same company, and are opened alternately; the first during the six winter months, the latter during the six summer ones. Thus the good folk of each extremity of the city have the pleasure of finding themselves within a reasonable distance of this favorite spectacle during one-half of the year.

The Cirque de l'Imperatrice, standing amidst the lofty trees of one of the most beautiful portions of the groves of the Champs Elysees, is a handsome circular building, lighted by a row of tasteful windows of purple and yellow glass, running all round the top of the walls, below the tent-shaped slated roof. The exterior walls are ornamented with horses' heads and subjects in bas-relief, white, on a pale pink ground, and surrounded by a tasteful iron railing. Inside, the seats rise in circular tiers from the ring to a considerable height, and afford accommodation for three thousand persons, every seat commanding an equally good view of the performances. An orchestra is placed in a small gallery over the entrance to the ring; and ropes, bridges, and mysterious-looking pieces of wooden frame-work, dangle from the ceiling. The innumerable rows of seats, covered with crimson velvet, the light gilded pillars, the grand chandelier with its innumerable drops, the numerous *corps of artistes*, so grandly "made up" by tailors and hairdressers, all in dress coats, and white waistcoats and gloves, standing with such an air of easy *aplomb* and connoisseurship on either side of the passage leading into the ring, make up a spectacle so gay and imposing as to be, of itself, almost worth the entrance-fee of two francs for the lower tiers, and one franc for the upper ones!

Such is the *locale* to which I paid a visit, a few evenings ago, for the benefit of the readers of THE POST, Mr. Hodson having just removed thither with his band of Learned Apes and Dogs, which have been so sorely exciting the ire of the Ultramontane editors of the leading Catholic journal, *l'Univers*, and the admiring applause of the rest of the world, in the eastern part of the town, but have now abandoned that field of triumph, and have come to gather fresh laurels among the inhabitants of the west-end, whose circus has just been opened for the summer.

A glance at our *programme*, on the evening in question, shows us that we are about to be favored with a great variety of equestrian performances, clowns, climbing, and the famous Lancers' Quadrilles, (the rage of last winter,) danced by sundry members of that gallant corps, and the *cantinieres* of the same supposititous regiment, on horseback; the "Apes and Dogs" being but one of the jewels in the diadem of the night's entertainment. To our regret, however, "the perilous leap" of an American "artist," Mr. Henlan, who has been figuring on all the bills for a fortnight past, in a horizontal position, going slap across the Falls of Niagara at a single bound, does not appear among the spectacles of this evening!

MONKEY TRICKS.

The band strikes up a brazen-throated overture, and the spectacle begins. All the performances, commonly seen on a lesser scale in the best circuses in America, are gone through with. And now, inside the larger ring is laid down a piece of circular flooring, and a low ring, about a foot and a half high, is set up firmly around it. We perceive, therefore, that we are approaching the *bouquet*, and that the monkeys are coming; indeed, there they are, following restlessly the guiding-strings of their keepers, who are piloting them in. Mr. Hodson, a very kind, intelligent-looking man, leads the procession, whip in hand. A table, with chairs, are brought into the centre of the little ring, and monkey-ladies and gentlemen proceed to the pleasant work of dining, another monkey, dressed as a cook, running backwards and forwards to supply the guests. We remark, however, that he brings in only empty dishes; a sage precaution, as he would inevitably clear off anything eatable entrusted to him on his own behalf. Mr. Hodson, meantime, supplies the hungry little actors with crumbs, strawberries, and so on, and the feast goes merrily forward; followed by a dance executed by a new set of performers. Nothing can be more comical than the appearance of these little quizzes on humanity in their crinolines and satins, and broadcloth and finery. But they go through their dance very tolerably, varying the figures with an occasional tumble or pirouette executed on the inspiration of the moment. The master follows them, occasionally cracking his whip, but evidently as an indication, and not as a threat, for they all seem very fond of him, and often interrupt their performance to jump into his arms, or upon his shoulder, in frolic. Gentle pats on the head, a few words of praise, and pieces of sugar, seem to be the principal means employed by him to secure the obedience of his wilful and capricious pupils. After these comes a very pretty little monkey, who executes a variety of tumbles and feats, and climbs a pole, on the top of which, after a little coaxing, and a slow examination of the audience, he kindly consents to exercise a series of capital little gymnastic feats, that win for him a round of applause, and a good large lump of sugar. Next come the dogs; beautiful animals, who perform exactly what we have just seen done by the horses, and when these have retired, another set come in, with monkeys on their backs, and a series of equestrian feats is performed with remarkable agility and precision. Indeed, in the matter of leaping, and tumbling, on the backs of their steeds, hanging down, and so on, the monkeys beat their human rivals hollow. But now comes the crowning glory; little hurdles, rings, bands, &c., are brought, and the dogs run to the music round and round the arena, their little cavaliers performing the principal equestrian feats of circus-riders; and the monkeys now disappearing, a very beautiful dog, "Tom," with long, silken hair, evidently the pride of the master, goes through his paces, leaps the hurdles, leaps through rings, under poles, over banners, for all the world like a thorough-bred horse of a larger growth. A chair is now placed on the edge of the ring, which Tom takes as he goes by, clearing it in a graceful leap; as he bounds on, another chair is placed in a line with the first, then others in succession, after each round, until six are placed there one after the other, the dog clearing them all at a single bound, with a grace of motion really admirable, running back into the ring, and resuming his task, after each leap, and constantly keeping time with the music. As he clears the six chairs, he springs with another graceful bound straight up into the arms of his master, putting his head under his hand for the expected caress, and licking it with an affection which he certainly would not testify for one who had trained him by means of cruelty. Deafening applause has followed "Tom's" performances, and he looks about him with the most evident enjoyment of his honors, as his master bows himself out with the dog in his arms and the audience having called them back with a fresh round of clappings and bravos, gets itself shawled and hatted, and takes up its march towards the doors.

QUANTUM.

HOW THE OLD LOVE FARED.

CHAPTER I.

One morning the sun shone gloriously from his blue home in the skies athwart a few pale, yellow clouds. Then its rays fell disheartened and cold on some two or three hundred yards of murky atmosphere, beneath which lay a "rising town."

The streets were something narrow, and the houses were curiously jammed, and had a permanently blackened look; but what they lacked in size or beauty, they compensated for in number. Seafaring men stood talking in groups at the corners of the crossings. Every pair of trowsers in the place was more or less daubed with tar; and some of those who wore them were fine stalwart specimens of the Saxon race, with bullet head, bull-dog neck, handsome sunburnt face, and crisp, flat yellow curls. Small boys of five years old wore their father's sou'-westers. One jostled another as he passed along the street; another young 'un was climbing up a coast-wall, in a sort of fly fashion, inserting his toes in invisible chinks, and holding on by projections not to be discerned by ordinary eyes. He fell more than once, and from a fair height, too; but rose nothing daunted, and doggedly recommenced the ascent. They all wore a *reckless, self-reliant air*. Even the less respectable of the women who were wrangling among the men, differed strangely from the faded, worn-out objects who are daily placed before the magistrate in the London police courts. Their laughter was loud, their voices deep, their limbs massive. Further on to the right, some stupendous works were in course of construction. Thews and sinews were to be seen there, toiling doggedly and perpetually. Steam-engines of various forms and uses were toiling also after their fashion—here to pump water in, and there to pump water out. Besides these, there were some hundreds of big horses dragging enormous loads, calmly, as if they were quite used to the engines, and cared less than nothing about their noise. They were the sort of animals foreigners are so much smitten with when they see them in the dray-carts in London, very carefully tended; many of them were gaily ornamented with ribbons, plaiting of hair, brass settings, and the like, according to the taste and ability of the man who looked after each particular horse. The works themselves were well worth an examination. The workers were pushing out groins and breastings which must have astonished the sea as they gradually forced it out of its old landmarks. It happened more than once that it had in the night time arisen and revenged itself, and that in a few hours the labor of months had been swept away. But the next day saw men calmly setting to work to repair the damage with double care, and replace the wall with fourfold strength. More than a score of broad acres were already redeemed from the salt waters. Here and there might be observed thoughtful-looking men standing, watching keenly and with contracted brows the progress of things.

Standing rather apart, with folded arms, and a profoundly discouraged air, a young gentleman was likewise gazing round him. He was broad-shouldered, rather under-sized, but not ill-made, and muscular. He had full blue eyes, a quantity of hair of a tawny red, a large mouth garnished with a set of capital teeth. Naturally his smile was constant, bright, and jovial; but now it was considerably overcast. He walked up to one of the contractors with the air of a man who has made up his mind to a last effort.

"Then you do not see any prospect of employment for me, Mr. Langford?"

"No, I do not indeed, Sellon. You see, Renny manages it all, and he has the cash. That place would have just suited you, and you would have done the work far better than Renny's nephew. It's not the right man in the right place, Stephen. But the man is in the place; and right will not turn him out, while might keeps him in. I'm very sorry for it, Stephen; but it cannot be helped."

"Well; good bye, then, Langford. I shall be at Wendon on Saturday." They shook hands, and parted.

CHAPTER II.

It was Sunday in the old town of Wendon; and the cracked bell of a large church was clanging forth its invitation to people to enter its opened doors. It was an old church—you might tell that, by its strange, high, lumbering pews, which no devout young Oxford curate had yet swept away. The clergyman looked like a gentleman; an observer would guess that he was also a bon-vivant. He read the service in a speedy, yet orthodox manner. The congregation was not large, and the clerk's responses were alone audible.

Just before the confession, a pretty dark-eyed girl glided down the aisle, with a rather conscience-stricken air, opened with some difficulty one of the doors, and hid herself immediately in the very highest pew—there she knelt down to say her short prayer. Within just as much time as suggested the idea that he had lingered outside in order not to appear together, Stephen Sellon entered, and seated himself in the adjacent pew. The two behaved very well during the service, taking only stealthy, innocent glances at each other, and even these at long intervals; but when the sermon was read, and the benediction said, the girl remained a little longer than usual on her knees, and Stephen was waiting for her when she rose. They walked silently together out of church, and turned on to a broad walk, shaded by trees, which bordered the river on which the town stood. As they got further and further away from the departing congregation, Stephen, being an enterprising youth in all he undertook, possessed himself of her hand, and put his face under her bonnet in such fashion that she could not choose but look at him. And he looked long, but not apparently making himself the happier for so doing, for at the conclusion he gave a great sigh.

"Margaret, my darling, I've no good news for you. I've been up to the dock-works; but the place Langford hoped to give me is filled, and there's no chance of another opening. They don't want young, untried hands there, and of brains there are plenty and over. These are hard men, Margaret; they might have given me a trial."

"But, Stephen," said the girl, and her voice faltered a little as she spoke, "you know what you wish cannot be. I cannot leave my father, he is aging sadly. I think his poor eyes are growing dim, and now he would rather hear all his beautiful music played to him than do it himself; and my idea, Stephen, my great hope is, that I may be able to take his pupils for him."

"You would do it well, Margaret; you have a wonderful knack of managing people."

Margaret smiled, and in her smile there was a peculiar mocking expression, which seemed like a ripple about her mouth. She became grave again.

"You don't know how hard I practice at nights, and how I treasure up his instructions. If I can induce one or two families to let me take his place, that will do much. And then, when he is so old he can work no longer, I can still support him as he has been accustomed to live. He has worked for me, it is fit that I should work for him."

"But if I could get work near, you need not leave him, Margaret; we could marry, and all live together."

"No, Stephen, we are too young to fetter ourselves with such uncertain prospects. Alone we may struggle, and if we fall, we fall alone, and drag down no others; but were we married, and your employment so uncertain, *cares would come on us more quickly than we could meet them. Believe me, we are best single.*"

There was no selfishness about the young fellow, and yet, man-like, he could not forbear the answer, "Margaret, you think more of your father than you do of me. My young life—" he stopped abruptly.

"I should be no good wife to you, Stephen, if I failed as a daughter; so do not press me more, dear Stephen. God knows I am sorely tried already," and the pent-up tears came at last.

Then Stephen inwardly called himself many frightful names, of which unmanly wretch and brute were the least severe; but he only said audibly:

"I know it, Margaret—forgive me," and the words were hardly out of his mouth, before he was forgiven, I suppose, for the hand was again placed confidingly in his. He continued, "The worst is yet to come, Margaret; I have undertaken to work my way out to India, and the captain has promised to get me engineering work as soon as we arrive. It is no degradation," he said stoutly. "I did hope to have begun higher up; but I've never shirked work, and I'll show that a gentleman can do as good a day's work as any one. I've toiled with dust, and dirt, and oil, and what not, and I'll do it again. I know my trade thoroughly, the lowest as well as the highest part of it; it's only to begin over again, and I'm young and strong."

"Yes, it's all true," said poor Margaret, and these few words were all she could say.

"I shall not forget you, Margaret; it may be twenty years before we meet again, but even then, I shall be yours only."

Margaret smiled, but this time it was a poor, wan, struggling smile. "I shall be old and faded then, Stephen."

"It does not matter," he returned, with a steady, loving gaze. "You may be old and faded, worn and shrivelled; but you will be more to me than any other woman."

Here they turned their steps back to the church.

"Well, Stephen, I bind you by no promise; we will follow the promptings of our own hearts. We have the world before us, and God to aid us," she said.

They walked on silently for a little time.

"We must part now, dear Stephen."

"I sail to-morrow, Margaret."

They stood and gazed sadly on the gravestones; there seemed nothing but an atmosphere of dampness and decay around them, only the warm love and young hopes in their breasts: but these triumphed, even in the sorrow of the hour. He held her in his strong arms, for one last caress, and then released her. In another minute he had gone. And so they parted with wrung hearts, fearing, as many young lovers have feared, that the hour-glass of time, or the scythe of death, would stand between them in this life.

Three days from that time Stephen was at Marseilles, and was engaged there at seamen's wages to work under the engineer in the Peninsular and Oriental steam-ship Ava. It sailed, and he sped on his way; if his heart was heavy, his spirit was good; his belief in Margaret's faithfulness was very considerable; his belief in his own was amazingly firm.

CHAPTER III.

It was, perhaps, a dozen years after this that a lady, warmly clad in silks and furs, walked down the principal street of Wendon one winter's day. She carried a small roll of music under her cloak, and stopped at one of the large cloistered houses that flanked the cathedral, in their well bred gloom and stillness. She rang the bell, and was quickly admitted into the drawing-room. She opened her music, laid aside her wrappings, and revealed the face of Margaret Meriton. Full, gay, handsome, and careless, with a bewitching drollery about the mouth, and a rather masterful eye. Presently, the door was opened, and a tall and wilful-looking girl, with a pair of flashing blue eyes, almost ran in. She would have embraced Margaret on the spot, but the latter drowned the effort in her own significant way; she laid her hand on the young lady's shoulder, saying, "Well, Cecile, how is the voice, and how have you progressed with the song?"

"Oh, Miss Meriton, papa says I am hoarse, and that I have a cold; but let me try."

For myself, I think it an undoubted fact that school-girls pay greater attention to lessons received from masters than from their own sex; and I make no question that, when the enlightened and platonic nature of the age admits of youths being instructed by female professors, the converse of the proposition will hold good. At the same time, there is another fact to be placed against this, as has always been the case with every fact since the world began; and that is, that a woman of a certain age, who has self control, and has cultivated her powers of fascination, can, if she chooses to do it, acquire an influence over young girls, which almost amounts to idolatry on the one side, and against which even a lover can hardly hold his own. So, Margaret Meriton, who liked to be charming, and was necessitated in her character as music-teacher to eschew flirting, made herself particularly charming to her pupils, who all adored her after the fashion of young girls. We may also suppose, if we like, that she thought a little of poor Stephen, and for his sake did not wish to lose her skill in the art of being delightful for want of practice. So the two sat down, and proceeded very amicably for some time. At last, the fantasy seized Margaret that Miss Vereker should repeat a certain passage a given number of times, as a penalty for falling short in the mode of performing it. The young girl's spirit did not bear this burden very meekly; first her pride rose, then mortification did battle with pride, and lastly, the spirit of sullenness descended, and utterly paralysed Miss Vereker's vocal powers. A decided pause ensued. Margaret, smiling to herself as the altered intonation fell on her ear, turned round, and met such a blaze of indignation on the pretty face as (we are sorry to record it) made her smile a great deal more. Then she commenced the song herself. The refrain was,

> Better trust all, and be deceived,
> And weep that trust and that deceiving,
> Than doubt one word which, if believed,
> Had blessed thy life with true believing.

She sang it deliciously, and in so doing forgot, or seemed to forget, her pupil, her home, and her father's people. The inexorable spirit of music spoke to her of other things; and, as her fingers wandered over the keys, her face grew very wistful, almost sad, and she no longer remembered even to tease Miss Vereker, who was affected like Saul, in so far that the mutinous demon was in some sort charmed out of her; and she was pondering how she might best descend from her pedestal of pride, and make submission to Margaret, without losing her dignity. The song was finished, and both came back to realities. Margaret did not care about conquering herself, but was wondrously fond of conquering other people; so she devoted an instant to Miss Vereker, and having ascertained by an almost imperceptible glance that young lady's state of mind, she proceeded to apply the actual cautery. She took the song, and gave it to her, saying very sadly, "Until to-day, I always sang that song with pleasure, Cecile, but you have joined to it a less pleasant memory; I hope you will like it better from this time than I shall;" and she bent over it, and with her pencil wrote on the margin, Revolte. Cecile Vereker gave a convulsive gulp; but, before she could utter the words of contrition which hung on her lips, a youth of seventeen years, the facsimile of his sister, entered hastily. "May I see you home, Miss Meriton? I have stayed in on purpose," he added, in a boyish pleading manner.

Margaret was arranging her shawl round her shoulders, and she did this very deliberately, bending down her head, while an amused smile played about her lips. Meanwhile the boy eyed her as if he longed to assist her, but refrained, lest he should meet with a repulse. Possibly some memory of former rejections aided his apparent moderation. Then she looked up, and gave him her hand. "No, I thank you, young George, a poor music-mistress hardly needs an escort. Good-night, Cecile."

The lad followed her to the door with a provoked look on his handsome young face. I dare say that young George grated on his ears. He returned to his sister, and regarded the fire. "She is too handsome to walk alone. I wish I were a man, Cis, and then I would marry her."

This new view made Cis deliberate a little. The result was favorable. "That would be very nice, George, and then I need not take any more singing lessons of her—at least, unless I liked the songs particularly," she added, as her eye fell on the French word Revolte.

Margaret gave two more lessons on her road, and then walked quickly home, and safely too, in spite of young George's fears.

Her father, a poor gentleman in the first instance, became poorer still; an amateur musician, he was reduced to make his pleasure minister to his necessity. His health, as we know, failed him more than his fortune; for as Margaret had said, so she had done, and in the matter of a daughter he was decidedly a much to be envied man. When she returned, he was sitting in his chair by the fire, thinking long of her, as the Scotch say; in her eyes he looked, each time she came back, more gentle, feeble, and shadowy than before. She busied herself about him buoyantly and pleasantly, as was her wont.

CHAPTER IV.

In quickly told tales like this, there is no room, as there is no need, to detail the course of each day which went to make up her life. Margaret Meriton was fast growing rich. I don't mean that she had amassed landed property, but she had for many years been liable to the income tax (all English hearts will feel for her and with her in this respect.) Work was a law and necessity, but she did her work easily it suited her, and her gains were sufficient to support her father in great comfort. She was, moreover, much liked by the families around; her unflagging gaiety of spirit, her quick talents, and splendid voice, made her a welcome addition to every society. No tidings from Sellon had ever reached her—yet, in spite of it, she grew happier, handsomer, and stouter; she was not a-weary because he came not; and, indeed, presented no resemblance to the Mariana of the Moated Grange.

Ten years from the time we last portrayed her she entered her fortieth year. It was a winter evening; there had been a driving shower of sleet and snow, with a keen, bitter, north wind; the foot passengers in the street were whipped, blinded, and at last cowed by it, and retreated into their houses; the houseless poor betook themselves to alleys and doorways for shelter. The skies were sullen and lowering, and a dense mass of pale gray to the north-west afforded every prospect of more rough weather. I do not think any one could look more comfortable or handsome than Margaret Meriton, as she sat making the hot coffee in the snug study, clad in rich garments of sober hue, as befitted her age and purse. Her father was still alive, and was seated in the self-same chair. His head was very white, and quite bowed on his breast, and his long, thin fingers beat time restlessly. She spoke only a few words to him now and then, and they were caressing, and such as might have been used to a child. At last she settled herself in her own lounging chair, cut open a new book, and was soon deep in it. Gradually the new book found its resting-place on the floor, and Margaret reposed calmly. There was a rumbling of carriage-wheels close to the house, and then a halt. But there was no magnetism in the air to warn Margaret of any one being near her, more than that gentle shadowy man whom she had tended for so many years. Then a foot-step in the hall, and hand on the door. Even the seven sleepers awaked at last, and when the door opened, Margaret started to her feet, fully prepared to deny that she had been otherwise than wide awake. She heard a deep voice say, "I know the way," then came a face bronzed fiery red, full blue eyes, not altogether strange to Margaret—at least she had seen such in her dreams—a mass of hair, beard, moustache, and whiskers of a hue which was pale only beside the face. All this surmounted a figure huge in every way, but especially in breadth. Margaret stood wondering—and the figure stood wondering also. Like the Ancient Mariner, "he fixed her with his glittering eye," and as he performed this operation he drew off wrapping after wrapping, and at length stood confessed as Stephen Sellon, weighing at least sixteen stone. He was not a tall man, so appearances did not assist him on that score. Then the blue eyes danced with amusement, the white teeth showed themselves, and a hearty, full, *sonorous* laugh broke the ice.

"Margaret, do you not know me?" He stepped forward, and kissed her, at first lightly on her cheeks, and then putting her back, with another glance and another laugh, he followed up that kiss by many others, and they came so fast and warm that Margaret had not really presence of mind to resist. "I ascertained you were still Margaret Meriton, or you would not have seen me here to-night. Is this your father?"

She led him up to the old man gently. "Speak tenderly to him, Stephen, he is quite childish now." Something in the subdued womanly tone of Margaret's voice gave Stephen a choking sensation; however, he cleared his throat, and shook hands with Mr. Meriton.

The poor gentleman looked up with his wan apprehensive smile. "You'll be kind to Margaret, sir—you'll be kind to her," and then he rambled on incoherently.

Margaret had not forgotten how to blush, and at this random speech of her father's the blood rushed up in torrents to her hair roots, leaving a transient crimson on her throat and neck. Apparently this enchanted Stephen; he rubbed his hands, and arranged his tawny beard, and sat down, and watched Margaret as she poured out coffee for him, with the bright, cheerful, trusting look of twenty years before.

"Ah, Margaret," he continued, laughingly, "I swore that were you faded, worn, and weazen, I would still be true; but you have not fretted for me, you have not the assurance to pretend it. Am I absolved from my oath?"

Margaret raised her eyes with a malicious glance, signifying, Et tu Brute!

"Yes, I know," he added, surveying rather ruefully his own ample person. "We have both much to forgive." There was no explanation asked, for none was required; they both felt supremely happy.

Shall we leave them so? Ah, young lovers; would you believe it possible that that happy, handsome, comfortable-looking woman is Margaret Meriton, who, a score of years before, was condemned to separation, uncertainty, and work for her daily bread; or that that good man, so jovial, frank, and portly, should be the exiled lover. Take courage—"men die, and the worms eat them, but not for love." They had each done their duty, not sadly and sternly, but merrily and well, and their tree of love blossoms, though late in life. Perhaps, one of the things we love best to see, is the gentle, grave beauty of some autumnal flower, which gladdens our eyes when the summer has fled, and the unkindly drip of the winter rain is at hand, and the sky is ashen gray, and our mother earth brown and lifeless.

☞ A man that has pulled on a pair of close-fitting boots is like Jupiter in this respect—he has overcome the Titans.

☞ Dr. Ray, Superintendent of the Butler Hospital for the Insane, in his Report says, "A hearty laugh is more desirable for mental health than any exercise of the reasoning faculties."

☞ "VOICES OF THE NIGHT."—Those belonging to male grimalkins, and such young gentlemen as tease attic bed-rooms with serenading about Araby's daughter, and other Oriental females.

DON PEDRO OF BRAZIL.

[See Engraving.]

In the new work on Brazil, by Revs. Messrs. Kidder and Fletcher, about to be issued from the house of Childs & Peterson, Mr. Fletcher gives an account of an exposition which he made for the benefit of commerce of specimens of American art, manufactures, &c. He thus concludes in regard to a visit to the palace of St. Christopher of which we give an illustration from the work referred to. That which we quote is deeply interesting, inasmuch as it shows the literary character of the enlightened Emperor of Brazil and the esteem in which he holds Mr. Longfellow.

"A pleasing incident connected with this affair grew out of the late arrival at Rio of one of the presents destined for the Emperor. After the 'Exposition,' I departed from the city and became engaged in my legitimate labors in another part of the Empire. In the month of July I returned from the Southern provinces, and found that the Messrs. Merriam, of Springfield, Massachusetts, had sent out a superb edition of Webster's unabridged quarto dictionary. I had also a few more books which were to be placed in the Emperor's own library. An account of the presentation of these volumes was given in a private letter to Mr. J. P. Blanchard, of Boston, from which I extract the following:—

"'The gift of Messrs. Merriam arrived during my absence in the Southern provinces; but so soon as I returned I procured it from the custom-house, and in due time conveyed it to the palace. Of course it was too late for the Exposition in the National Museum; but, as your State had been very poorly represented in May, I was glad to have this specimen of Massachusetts publication, and this monument of the patient and faithful labors of a man who has done so much to define and classify our mother-tongue.

"'It was within two days of my departure for Bahia and Pernambuca that I stole a few hours to go out to the Imperial Quinta of Boa Vista—the Palace of S. Christovao. It is usual to go thither in a coach drawn by *at least* two horses; but, finding a nice new tilbury and a bright mulatto driver, I entered his vehicle, and, with "Webster's Dictionary," Hawthorne's "Mosses from an Old Manse," and Longfellow's "Hyperion," I was soon whirling, through the garden-lined streets of Engenho Velho, to the palace. The Palace of S. Christopher is situated in one of the most picturesque environs of Rio de Janeiro. It stands in bold relief against the lofty green mountains of Tijuca, and is surrounded by beautifully-foliaged trees of the tropics. It has every adjunct that can make it a delightful residence. As we rolled through the long avenue of mango trees, I saw the coach of one of the Ministers bowling along with the servants in livery. My establishment looked small in comparison with this brilliant equipage; but I felt that the three books which I bore with me would delight His Majesty more than all the carriages of the court.

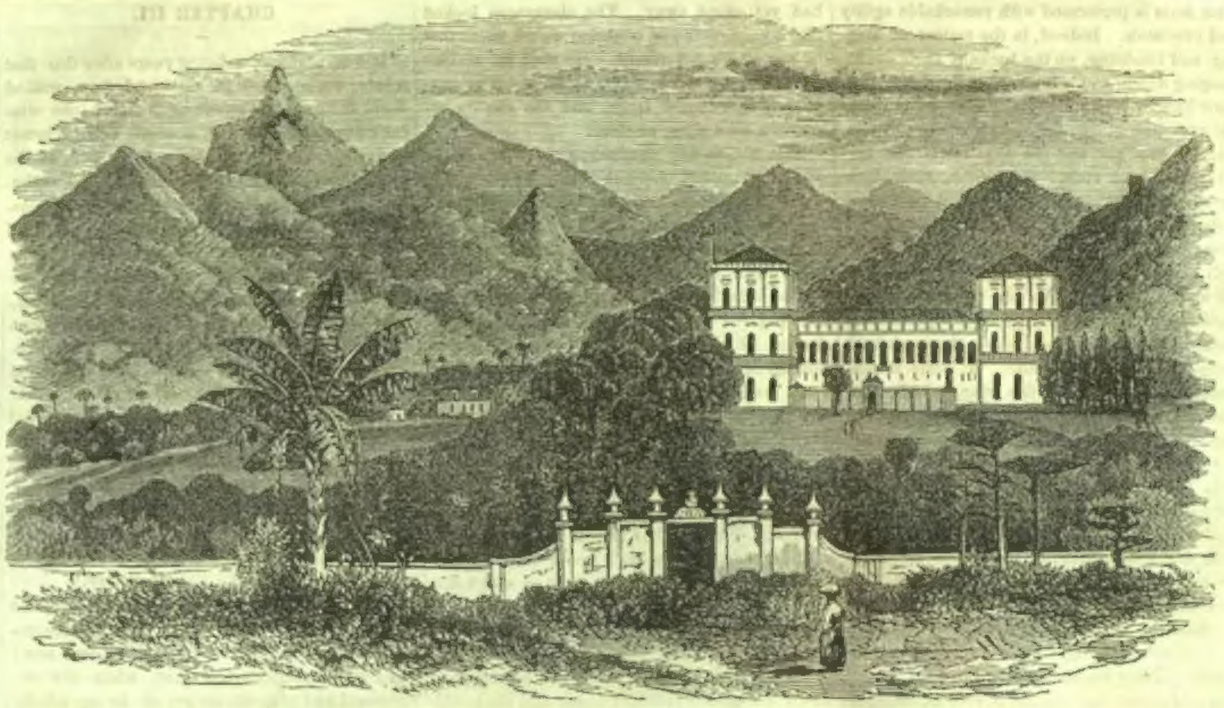
"'I descended after the Minister had entered, and was conducted to an ante-room by a chamberlain, to whom I made known the purport of my visit and the nature of my volumes. Not wishing to trust my precious load to any servant, I carried the three tomes (no light burden) before me. After passing many corridors, I came to a large, wide gallery, which overlooked a courtyard where bright fountains were playing, and the choicest and most fragrant flowers were blooming.

"'I had supposed that it was a day for private audience; but the long gallery was filled with gentlemen in waiting—noblemen, Judges of the Supreme Court, Ministers, Charges, and officers *en grande tenue*, and some of them covered with decorations. I then learned from Senhor Leal, and from the Neapolitan Charge d'Affaires, that the 13th of July was the anniversary of the Imperial Princess Leopoldina, and these gentlemen had come to felicitate their Majesties on the return of this anniversary. I took my stand at the extreme end of the waiting train, thinking that I had better have chosen a day when His Majesty was less occupied. Presently Don Pedro II. appeared, his fine, manly form towering above every other. He was dressed in black; and, with the exception of a star which sparkled upon his left breast, his costume was simple, and its good taste was most apparent when contrasted with the brilliant uniforms of the court.

"'I conjectured that His Majesty would first receive the congratulations of the glittering throng that stood between him and the plainly-dressed clergyman. Judge, then, of my surprise when, merely bowing, he passed by the many titled gentlemen and representatives of foreign courts, and came directly to the "Webster," "Hawthorne," and "Longfellow." With a pleasant smile, he addressed me, and led me to an open arch that overlooked the flowers and the limpid fountain. There he examined the books and bestowed high eulogium upon the dictionary—not only for the beautiful style in which it had been prepared by the publishers, but for the almost encyclopedic character of the work. He spoke of Mr. Hawthorne as an author of whom he had heard, and was glad to possess the "Mosses from an Old Manse." I called his attention particularly to the "Celestial Railroad," which caused an allusion to Bunyan's "guide and road-book to the Celestial City." Since the month of May he had procured all the poetical works of Mr. Longfellow, but had not yet added to his library any of his (Mr. Longfellow's) prose compositions. He therefore considered "Hyperion" a most interesting acquisition.

"'His Majesty conversed for a long time on the objects for which I came to Brazil, and expressed his gratitude for the *souvenirs* which he had received from citizens of the United States. I stated to him that I would visit the Northern provinces and then return to my native land. He expressed the customary wishes of a *bon voyage*, &c., but, with great earnestness, said to me, in conclusion, 'Mr. Fletcher, when you return to your country, have the kindness to say to Mr. Longfellow how much pleasure he has given *me*, and be pleased to tell him *combien je l'estime combien je l'aime!*—how much I esteem him, how much I love him.'"

☞ Toast given by a bachelor at a "banquet" in Pottsville: "The women and the coal of Schuylkill county—oh, how desolate would be the fireside without them."



BOA VISTA, (SAN CHRISTOVAO,)—THE PALACE OF DON PEDRO II. OF BRAZIL.

THE WANE OF THE CRESCENT.

FROM "BOAT-LIFE IN EGYPT,"
BY W. C. PRIME.

It is profoundly interesting to stand in a spot where, daily, for a thousand years, the prayers of men have been offered up; where the stones are worn with the knees of sincere, if mistaken, believers; where there has never been a day, since the ninth century, when the voice of the muzzin was not heard across the court and through the shadowy arches, uttering that simple and sublime passage that has been so often uttered above this city and all the East, that one might think the air would sound it with its own morning winds forever after, "God is great. There is no deity but God. Mahommed is God's apostle. Come to prayer, come to prayer; prayer is better than sleep; come to prayer. God is most great. There is no god but God."

At noonday and at sun setting the same chant has filled these arches with solemn melody. One cannot stand and hear it now without feeling that the voice is the same voice that uttered it ten centuries ago, though the men through whose thin lips it escaped on the air, are the dead dust of those centuries. Age is sublime. A creed, though false, is nevertheless magnificent if it be old; and I cannot look on these tottering walls, these upheaving pavements, these crumbling towers, without a melancholy regret stealing in along with other feelings that this worship, this creed, is approaching its end, and that the day is fast coming when Islam and the creed of the Prophet will be to men like the memories of Isis and Apis—shadows flitting around the ruins of old Egypt. In broad daylight, when eyes and intellects are wide awake, the shadows are as clouds dark with memories of crime and wrong; shapes of hideous deeds, blackening the very name of humanity.

But in night time and the moonlight, when we do not see these, there will be shapes like halos around the fallen minarets of Tooloon and Amer as around the obelisk of Heliopolis and the unchanging pyramids; memories of simple but grand faith in the hearts of old men that worshipped God, and died in every year and month of all the thousands that have shone upon these stones; shadows that will forever haunt the places that are sanctified by man's holiest emotions—sincere and prayerful trust in God, though it were in a false god; shadows that are changeful, but always there; long shapes and forms cast on the walls by the altar-flames, that remain and appear and flit here and there on pavement and wall, though altar-fires be long extinguished, and the wall lie in dust on the broken pavements of the temple.

But is this so, and is the end approaching? I asked myself the question in the city of Victory, seated at my open window in the night-time, the moon shining gloriously—a dazzling moon—my table drawn to the window, and the flame of my candle rising steadily, and without a flicker, in the profoundly silent air. Two hundred thousand people were lying around me, and I asked who and what they were, and what part they formed in the grand sum of human valuation? Literally nothing. They are not worth the counting among the races of men. They are the curse of one of the fairest lands on this earth's surface.

I had been conversing that same day with intelligent Mussulmans, who not only expressed their belief, but added their anxious hope that the advance of English power in the East would soon make Egypt an English possession. I heard this everywhere among them. If they knew anything about it—and Turks ought to know more of it than Americans—they would see that it is their manifest destiny. England begins to see it as before she has only wished it.

I answered my question, Yes, the end is not far distant. The mosque of Amer, traditional metre of the duration of the faith, is falling. I saw with my own eyes a huge piece of its wall go crashing down into the dusty court, where the still sunshine fell on it as if it had been waiting for it; and no one will ever disturb its ruins.

Just before break of day, from the mosque of Mohammed Ali at the citadel, the morning call to prayer sounds over the city. The Sultan Hassan, old Tooloon, and another and another take it up, and three hundred voices are filling the air with a rich, soft chant, that reaches the ear of the Mussulman in his profoundest slumber, and calls him up to pray. Does he obey? There was a time when, at that call, the city of Salah e'dien had no closed eye, no unbent knee in all its walls. But the Mussulman is changed now. He heard the call in his half-drunken sleep, stupefied with *hashish*, and he d—d the muezzin, and turned over to deeper slumber. He heard it in his profound repose, after counting over the gains he had made by cheating his neighbors, and he did not feel like praying. He heard it in the perfumed couch of his slave, and he forgot the prophet's in the present heaven. He heard it—yes, there were a few old men who remember the glory of the Mamelukes; who heard their fierce shouts when the Christian invaders met them at the pyramids; and who, wearied with long life, look now for youth and rest in Heaven, and they, when they heard the call, obeyed it, and theirs were the only prayers wasted on the dawning light in all of Cairo, and when they cease there will be none to pray.

This is no fancy picture. Mark the prophecy. Our days may be few, but there are men living now who will see the crescent disappear from the valley of the Nile, and who will build their houses from the sacred stones of the mightiest mosques in Grand Cairo. The beginning of this end is visible already; but who can foresee what is to follow?

THE DEPARTURE.

"Thus it is our daughters leave us."—*Hiawatha.*

Gone from out the pleasant dwelling
Which her gladsome girlhood knew,
Where the clover-blooms and roses
Breathed the open window through,
Where I saw and learned to love her,
With affection warm and true,
In her womanhood's bright dawn,
Little Jenny's gone!

Gone—but not out on the hillside
With the bounding lambs at play—
Twisting wreaths of apple-blossoms,
Echoing the wild-bird's lay,
Chasing butterflies and sunbeams
All the livelong summer day,
With a footstep like a fawn;
Little Jenny's gone!

Gone—but not to yonder grave-yard,
Buried from the cheerful light—
Not by death's resistless fingers
Are her blue eyes closed in night;
Not with snowy fingers folded
On her bosom still and white,
Not with cold lips pale and wan,
Little Jenny's gone!

Gone—to yonder bustling city,
Where life's eddying currents meet,
To a proud and stately mansion
On a fashionable street,
In the modern style of grandeur
Decked and furnished all complete,
With her bridal-bonnet on,
Little Jenny's gone!

—*Portland Transcript.*

Sagacity of the Ox.—The following instance of sagacity in the ox, was related to me by an old farmer, who assured me of its truth, although, as he expressed it, "he was so young when it happened, that he would not be willing to qualify to it now." "It was on the farm next to my father's down in Hampsher State. The farmer had an ox that was the unrulliest critter that ever my two eyes beheld. There warn't no fences could stop him. If he couldn't jump over, he'd get under, or fall on it and break it down; he was constantly in some mischief or other; eating up folks' garden sauce and destroying their crops. His owner put boards over his eyes, put yokes of all kinds on him, but all to no purpose. So finally he took and shut him up in his barn-yard. But the tarnal critter would undo the button on the barn-door, and open the grain-boxes, and get into the hay-mow, and commit all sorts of devastation. He tried all manner of ways to fasten his barn-door, but the ox would circumvent him. At last he made a large button of a piece of hard-wood scantlin', got a ladder, and fixed the button right over the top of the barn-door. So he walked into the house and told his folks what he had done. 'And now,' says he, 'I guess old Brin won't get into the barn again in a hurry.' His words were scarcely out of his mouth, when he heard a dreadful poundin' out in the barnyard. He run to the winder, and what do you s'pose he saw? Why, the ox had seen him fix the button, and knowing he couldn't never reach it, he had tuk up a two-year-old bull that was runnin' in the yard, and held him up, and actually made that innocent critter turn the button for him!"

Origin of the Bonnet.—The first bonnet worn in England was brought from Italy in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and its form was a compromise between the present round Italian peasant hat, and the French hood. The materials employed in constructing these head ornaments were—crimson, satin, elaborately embroidered, cloth of gold, and similar rich materials. The Leghorn flat, with perpendicular crown, and a wide brim standing out far around the face, was the first legitimate bonnet worn, and this appeared long after Elizabeth's time. It was trimmed with artificial flowers, and immense bows of ribbon. Our present neat and exquisitely delicate and tasteful head covering is but a modification of this huge affair, which, not until very many years back, was so universally worn and admired.

☞ The more polished the society is, the less formality there is in it.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS ON FASHION AND DRESS.

Many elegant dresses have been prepared for the flower-shows and other open-air fetes, which usually take place at the present season. One consists of a robe of sea-green silk, trimmed with flounces edged with stripes in green satin. A large shawl of white muslin ornamented with needlework; and trimmed with two deep frills scalloped at the edge, and worked in a very rich pattern. The bonnet is composed of French chip, trimmed with white flowers, with foliage intermingled. A small violette of blonde is attached to the edge of the brim. Sprays of peach-blossom are intermingled with the under-trimming, and the strings are formed of green ribbon. Gloves of pale pink kid, and bracelets of gold and enamel.—The parasol adapted to this costume consists of violet color moire, covered with black lace.

Among the novelties in light articles, introduced for summer wear, may be mentioned several basquines of black and white lace, of very elegant patterns. Square shawls and points (or half-shawls) of black and white lace will also be worn during the summer in out-door costume.

A novel style of mantelet, of peculiar light texture, has just been received from Paris. It is composed of black tulle, covered with rows of narrow black velvet set on in a chequered pattern. A deep fall of black tulle, without fullness, descends from the upper edge over the body of the mantelet, and this fall is also chequered with narrow rows of black velvet. The lower edge of the mantelet and the fall are both finished by a broad band of velvet.

The bonnets most remarkable for taste or novelty which have recently appeared, include several composed of straw of various kinds.—One of gray straw is trimmed with a feather of the same color, which encircles the crown.—The front of the bonnet and the curtain are edged with black lace, and in the inside there is a small wreath of red flowers. Strings of red ribbon. A bonnet of leghorn is trimmed with a wreath of pink rhododendron. The brim and the curtain are edged with black lace. A bouquet of rhododendron and a bow of black lace, intermingled with blonde, form the under-trimming; and the strings, which consist of pink ribbon, are bordered with black lace edging. Of the new French chip bonnets, we may mention one ornamented with a wreath of violets, and a fall of black lace. The strings are of white ribbon. Among the prettiest of the bonnets composed of light textures, there is one of bouillonnes of white tulle over sea-green crape. It is trimmed on the outside with a wreath of foliage of various tints, passing from bright green to deep red, and intermingled with small red berries. The under-trimming is composed of blonde and a bandeau of foliage. The strings are of green ribbon.

One of the most elegant dresses we have recently seen, adapted for dinner or neglige evening costume, consists of mallow-color silk. It is trimmed with three deep flounces, edged with a ruche. Over each of the silk flounces there is a flounce of black guipure, which is slightly sustained by the lower edge resting on the ruche attached to the flounce beneath it.—Each flounce is surmounted by a ruche of silk similar to that at the edge, excepting that it is narrower, and intermingled at intervals with small bows of very narrow black velvet. The corsage of this dress is low, and with it is worn a jacket of black guipure. The jacket is trimmed at the lower part with a deep frill of guipure, descending low enough to meet the top flounce. This frill is looped up at intervals by bows of mallow-color ribbon. The sleeves are wide, and droop low at the outer part of the arm; on the inside of the arm they are gathered up by a bow of ribbon. The upper edge of the jacket is ornamented with a double frill of narrow guipure, having a ruche of mallow-color ribbon in the centre. This jacket is open in front at the upper part, and close at the waist, in the centre of which it is fixed by a bow of ribbon.—*London Lady's Paper, June 20.*

Sundry Agricultural and Domestic Receipts.—*To Prevent Hoof-Ail in Cattle*—Cut their legs off just above the hoofs.

To Make Butter Yellow—Work in scraped carrots and pounded butter-cup flowers.

To Make Hens Lay—Cut their heads off.

To Fatten Hogs—Own a grist-mill.

To Cure Hams—If of Western hogs, soak 'em in whiskey and strychnine; of Eastern hogs smoke 'em.

To Keep Cattle Free from Lice—Singe the hair off close to the roots.

To Prevent a Cow from Sucking Herself—Suck her yourself, or milk her dry.

To Make a Good Garden—Get a good wife.

To "Raise" Poultry—Call at your neighbor's poultry-yard in the night time.

To Prevent Horn-Ail—Cut the animal's body off *close* up to the horns.

A FANTASY.

BY MRS. BARCLAY PENNOCK.

So close we stood, together,
So near our hearts did beat,
There lay but a single shadow
On the green-sward at our feet.

To their inmost soul of azure
Hung bare the heavens on high;
Slow up through the morning brightness
A mist-wreath climbed the sky.

Then in the silver silence
My heart became aware
Of a sound, so fine it moved not
The mute and delicate air.

"Is it the musical ocean,
The moaning, musical sea?
Or is it a wind which singing
In the hole of the great ash-tree?

"Seven leagues away to the northward
Moan the sea-shells on the shore;
No wind in the hole of the ash-tree
Ever sang this tune before."

Then while the fine compression
Of his arm around me stole,
I felt how the eyes of my lover
Were looking into my soul.

And he softly said, "This music
Doth my heart make night and noon;
Full long have I waited, weary,
For thy heart to learn the tune.

"Oh, leave the wind in the ash-tree!
Oh, leave the sea on the shore!
For our hearts shall beat this measure,
Dear love, till they beat no more!"

—*Home Journal.*

BEAUTY IN LOVE.

We believe that most novels preceding Jane Eyre made personal beauty a pre-requisite to the gaining of a woman's heart. And we believe that much fictitious trash since that time has followed in the same strain. At any rate, the idea of great personal beauty is inseparably allied, in the novel-fed brain, with the idea of a successful lover. Whether this notion with regard to personal advantages produces much despair in the minds of those not blessed with them, we are not sure. Still, as it is liable to do so, we have wished to bring together here a few facts proving that Miss Bronte wrote not against nature when she made Jane Eyre love the homely, disfigured, and not graceful Rochester.

The celebrated Lady Hamilton was, probably, the most beautiful, fascinating, and accomplished English woman of her times. But this woman gave her heart, sinfully it is true, but unreservedly and overwhelmingly, to Nelson. And what were Nelson's personal advantages? He was an inferior, homely, pickly-looking man, and the additional disadvantages of the loss of an eye and an arm never alienated Lady Hamilton's love. Such were the personal gifts needed to captivate and retain the most dazzling woman of her times. No man of his age was more successful in captivating women's hearts than John Wilkes, and yet even his portrait is frightful, and his real face must have been hideous. Rogers speaks of his "diabolical squint."

Equally successful, in the same way, was Mirabeau. And he, too, was a man utterly devoid of any pretensions to personal beauty. In speaking of himself to a lady he describes his appearance as that of a tiger that has had the small-pox! George the First or Second of England, had a daughter who, for reasons of ambition, was betrothed to a continental prince. When this prince came to London to marry her, he was found to be so inexpressibly ugly that the king told his daughter he could not ask her to marry him, and even at that late date, he would find some pretext for breaking off the match. The princess declined the proffered service, married the prince, and proved herself one of the most devotedly-loving wives of her time.

In Grammont's Memoirs we learn that even in the artificial court of Charles the Second the man whom the correct, fastidious, and universally-sought Frances Jennings most eagerly wished to marry was Jermyn, of whom Grammont says: "As for his figure, there was nothing advantageous in it. He was little; his head was large and his legs small; his features were not disagreeable, but he was affected in his carriage and behavior." He heard of Miss Jennings, went to court that he might see her, and, our author continues, "In the meantime Jermyn quietly enjoyed the happiness of seeing the inclinations of the prettiest and most extraordinary creature in England declare in his favor." And this triumph was in the midst of a crowd of noble forms and majestic faces—Buckingham, Sidney, Monmouth, Talbot, and their compeers.

There is a most affecting and thrilling story told, in illustration of our theme, of Commodore Barclay, who fought the battle of Lake Erie against Perry. He was engaged to be married to a fine English girl. At Trafalgar, with Nelson, he had lost an arm. At Lake Erie he lost a leg. On returning to England, feeling his condition very acutely, he sent a friend to his betrothed to tell her that, under the circumstances in which he found himself, he considered her as released from all engagements to him. The lady heard the message, then said to the friend, "Edward thinks I may wish our engagement to be broken because of his misfortunes, does he? Tell him that if he only brings back to England body enough to hold the soul he carried away with him, I'll marry him."

Does any man in his senses suppose that a woman of real worth would have preferred some showy French dandy of the court of Louis the Fourteenth to the magnificently-gifted, although dwarfed and humpbacked, Luxembourg? We make great mistakes in these things. Love is one thing, mere optical admiration is very much another thing. The most beautiful valentine that ever was penned has this instructive stanza:

It matters little outwardly
What thou mayst be or seem,
If only thou canst inwardly
Answer to this bright dream.

That is the true philosophy of a true woman. The woman who will marry you because of your beauty would about as readily transfer her affections to your carriage if its varnish were brighter or its proportions more in accordance with the taste of her professor of millinery.

In winning admiration personal beauty is not the equal of grace of manner; and grace of manner is not the equal of conversational power. Indeed Shakspeare has said:

The man who has a tongue is no man
If with that tongue he cannot win a woman.

But personal beauty, grace of manner, and conversational power, however much they may get admiration, will not win love. It is peculiar gifts of character will do that and they only.—*Boston Transcript.*

Sybaritic Liquors.—The long and rapid marches of the ancient Greek and Roman armies, the privations they underwent, far surpass the powers of modern European soldiers, and those men drank no fermented liquor. Some of our Indian regiments possess the same traits, and their religion and customs deny them fermented liquors. Sir John Moore's army were found to improve in health during their distressing retreat to Cornuna, as soon as the usual allowance of wine was unattainable.—*English Herald.*

Genius and the Domestic Ties.—Moore laid it down as a rule that genius and domestic happiness were incompatible with, and excluded, each other. One day, when he asked in Wordsworth's presence, if such was not necessarily the case, the grave poet of the Lakes replied—"Men do not make their homes unhappy because they have genius, but because they have not enough genius; a mind and sentiments of a higher order would render them capable of seeing and feeling all the beauty of the domestic ties."

A Bad Catch.—When Dumas was a witness at Rouen, on the famous trial for murder by duel, where Lola Montez also figured, he was asked his profession. "Ah!" said he, "if I were not in the native city of Corneille, I should call myself a dramatist." He was looking for a compliment—and did not find what he sought. The judge respected the supremacy of Corneille; and remarked, with sly irony: "Sir, there are degrees and extremes in every profession!"

Useful Receipts.

How to Rid Animals and Plants of Vermin.—The Agriculitor publishes a letter from M. Raspail, giving an account of a plan for destroying vermin on animals, and also trees and plants. The process he recommends is to make a solution of aloes, (one gramme of that gum to a little water,) and by means of a long brush to wash over the trunks and branches of trees, with this solution, which will speedily, he says, destroy all the vermin on them, and effectually prevent others approaching. In order to clean sheep and animals with long hair, they must be either bathed with this solution, or be well washed in it. The writer mentions several trials which he had made of the solution with the most complete success, and very strongly recommends it to general use.—*Paris Correspondent of the Morning Advertiser.*

Milk Paint.—Mix water lime with skimmed milk, to a proper thickness to apply with a brush, and it is ready for use. It is too cheap to estimate, and any one can put it on who can use a paint brush. It will adhere well to wood, whether smooth or rough—to brick, stone or mortar where oil has not been used, in which case it will cleave to some extent,—and forms a very hard substance, as durable as the best oil paint."—*Country Gentleman.*

Kicking Horses.—If a horse appears to kick in the stable from a merely vicious propensity, the best cure is to tie a truss of straw behind him, suspended from the ceiling by a cord, in order to give it full swing—letting the truss hang in a position where the horse's leg is likely to hit it. After the first night a horse is rarely known to kick again. The only precaution to be recommended is to put on a pair of knee-caps, as, when struck by the return of the straw, horses are generally so terrified that they spring forward or upwards, and might injure the knees against the manger. This plan, I believe, is well known in Germany; and I have an Irish horse now that could be cured by no other means. But at this season of the year, in a stable kept too hot, warm clothing is often a cause of kicking. I had once a mare with an irritable skin in a London stable, always hot during summer nights; she kicked until her legs were swollen. After trying various other means with no avail, I had her stripped of all clothing, both night and day; and she never kicked afterwards, although again clothed on the return of winter.—*Correspondent London Field.*

To Clean Plaster of Paris Busts.—Take a small piece of very clean whiting and dissolve it in a little water. Then lay it over the bust in the form of whitewash. A little isinglass added to the water, made warm previous to mixing with the whiting, will prevent the white rubbing off when touched.

To Clean Woollen Articles.—For removing grease and dirt from fine woollen articles, of delicate color, the gall of oxen and cows has been used from time immemorial. Its action is the same as soap in removing the grease, while it is almost inert regarding the colors. In the hands of skillful persons, however, soap is just as safe, and is more pleasant to use, on account of the absence of offensive odor. To use the gall, it should be mixed with just as much rain water as will allow the woollen article to be squeezed and handled freely. It requires considerable handling of the article in the liquid before the gall acts thoroughly. After the dirt and grease are removed, the dress, shawl, or whatever it may be that is washed in it, should be thoroughly rinsed in clean soft water. It will take three or four fresh supplies of water to remove all traces of the gall from the goods, and none must be left in on account of its offensive smell. This is a very safe process of washing fine woollen articles of light green blue, and various other delicate colors. Children's dresses of fine merino cloth may be safely washed in this manner. One gall will suffice for a small dress. Another plan is to dissolve some fine soap in hot water, and allow it to become quite cold, then wash the article in this, taking care not to rub it violently. The soap suds should be quite strong, or the soap will be decomposed by the grease in the article to be washed; the suds must also be thoroughly rinsed out of the articles in cold, soft water.

THE FISHERMAN'S SONG.

[This spirited Lyric appeared anonymously in an old Irish magazine.]

Away—away o'er the feathery crest
Of the beautiful blue are we:
For our toil-lot lies on its heaving breast,
And our wealth's in the glorious sea:
And we've hymn'd in the grasp of the fiercest night,
To the god of the sons of toil,
As we cleft the wave by its own white light,
And away with its scaly spoil.
Then oh for the long and the strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh! their fathers *must* be men.

And we'll think, as the blast grows loud and long,
That we hear our offspring's cries—
And we'll think, as the surge grows tall and strong,
Of the tears in their mother's eyes:
And we'll reel through the clutch of the shivering green,
For the warm, warm clasp at home—
For the soothing smile of each heart's own queen,
And her arms, like the dying foam.
Then oh for the long and strong oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
For when children's weal lies in the deep,
Oh! their fathers *must* be men.

Do we yearn for the land when tossed on this?
Let it ring to the proud one's tread:
For worse than the waters and winds may hiss
Where the poor man gleans his bread.
If the adder-tongue of the upstart knave
Can bleed what it may not bend,
'Twere better to battle the wildest wave,
That the spirit of storms could send.
Then be singing farewell to the bold oar-sweep
We have given, and will again;
If our souls should bow to the savage deep,
Oh! they'll never to savage men.

And if death, at times, through a foamy cloud,
On the brown-brow'd boatmen glares,
He can pay him his glance with a soul as proud
As the form of a mortal bears;
And oh 'twere glorious, sure, to die,
In our toils for *some* on shore,
With a hopeful eye fix'd calm on the sky,
And a hand on the broken oar.
Then oh, for a long, strong, steady sweep;
Hold to it—hurrah—dash on:
If our babes must fast till we rub the deep,
'Tis time that we had begun.

THE WAR-TRAIL:

A ROMANCE of the WAR WITH MEXICO

BY CAPTAIN MAYNE REID.

CHAPTER LXXIX.

A SUBTERRANEAN FIRE.

In the midst of my meditations, night descended upon the earth. It promised to be a moonless night. A robe of sable clouds formed a sombre lining to the sky, and through this neither moon nor stars were visible.

It grew darker apace, until in the dim light I could scarcely distinguish the forms of my companions—neither men nor horses, though both were near me. The men were still asleep, stretched along the grass in various attitudes, like so many bodies upon a battle field. The horses were too hungry to sleep—the constant "crop-crop" told that they were greedily browsing upon the sward of gramma-grass that, by good fortune, grew luxuriantly around. This would be the best rest for them, and I was glad to think that this splendid provender would in a few hours recruit their strength. It was the *chondrodum funcum*, the favorite food of horses and cattle, and in its effects upon their condition almost equal to the bean or the oat. I knew it would soon freshen the jaded animals, and make them ready for the road. At least this there was some consolation.

Notwithstanding the preoccupation of my thoughts, I began to be sensible of a physical discomfort, which, despite their low latitude, often experienced upon the southern prairies—cold. A chill breeze had set in with the night, which in half an hour became a strong and violent wind, increasing in coldness as in strength.

In that half hour the thermometer must have fallen at least fifty Fahrenheit degrees; and such a phenomenon is not rare upon the plains of Texas. The wind was the well known "norther," which often kills both man and beast that chance to be exposed to its icy breath.

I have endured the rigor of a Canadian winter—have crossed the frozen lakes—have slept upon a snow-wreath amidst the wild wastes of Rupert's Land; but I cannot remember cold more intensely chilling than that I have suffered in a Texan norther. This extreme does not arise from the absolute depression of the thermometer—which at least is but a poor indicator of either heat or cold—I mean the sensation of either. It is more probably the contrast arising from the sudden change—the exposure—the absence of proper clothing or shelter—the state of the blood—with other like circumstances, that cause both heat and cold to be more sensibly felt.

I had oftimes experienced the chill blast of the norther, but never more acutely than upon that night. The day had been sweltering hot—thermometer at noon ranging about the one-hundredth degree, while in the first hour darkness it could not have been far above twentieth. Had I judged by my sensations, should have put it even lower. Certainly it passed the freezing point, and sharp sleet and hail were borne upon the wings of the wind.

With nerves deranged from want of rest and sup—after the hot day's march—after the perspiration produced by long exposure upon heated surface of the burnt prairie—I perhaps felt the cold more acutely than I should otherwise have done. My blood seemed to stagnate and freeze within my veins.

I was fain to wrap around my body a buffalo-robe, which some careless savage had dropped upon the trail. My followers were not so well furnished; starting as we had done, without any thought of being absent for the night, no preparation had been made for camping out. Only a portion of them chanced to have their blankets strapped upon the cantles of their saddles; these were now the fortunate ones.

The norther had roused all of them from their slumbers—had awaked them as suddenly as a douche of cold water would have done; and one and all were groping about in the darkness—some seeking for their blankets, some for such shelter as was afforded by the lee-side of the bushes. Fortunately there were saddle-blankets, and these were soon dragged from the backs of the horses.—The poor brutes themselves suffered equally with their owners; they stood cowering under the cold, with their hips to the cutting blast, their limbs drawn close together, and their flanks shaggy and shivering.—Some half sheltered themselves behind the bushes, scarce caring to touch the grass at their feet.

It would have been easy enough to make a fire; there was dry wood in plenty near the spot, and of the best kind for burning—the large species of mezquite. Some of the men were for kindling fires at once, regardless of consequences; but this design was overruled by the more prudent of the party. The trappers were strongly against it. Cold as was the night, and dark, they knew that neither the norther nor the darkness would deter Indians from being abroad. A party might be out upon the prowl; the very buffalo-skin we had picked up might bring a squad of them back; for it was the grand robe of some brave or chief, whose whole life-history was delineated in hieroglyphical painting upon its inner surface. To have made a fire, might have cost us our lives; so alleged the trappers, Rube and Garey. It would be better to endure the cold, than risk our scalps: so counselled they.

But for all that, Rube had no idea of being starved to death; he could kindle a fire, and burn it upon an open prairie, without the least fear of its being seen; and in a few minutes' time he had succeeded in making one that could not have been discovered by the most sharp-sighted Indian in creation. I had watched the operation with some interest.

He first collected a quantity of dead leaves, dry grass, and short sticks of the mesquite-tree—all of which he placed under his saddle-blanket, to prevent the rain and sleet from wetting them. This done, he drew out his bowie-knife, and with the blade "crowed" a hole into the turf about a foot deep, and ten inches or a foot in diameter. In the bottom of this hole he placed the grass and leaves, having first ignited them by means of his flint, steel, and "punk" tinder, all of which implements formed part of the contents of Rube's pouch and possible sack—ever present. On the top of the now blazing leaves and grass he placed the dry sticks—first the smaller ones, and then those of larger dimensions—until the hole was filled up to the brim—and over all he laid the piece of turf, originally cut from the surface, and which fitted as neatly as a lid.

His furnace being now finished, the trapper "hunkered" down close to its edge—in such a position as to embrace the fire between his thighs, and have it nearly under him. He then drew his old blanket over his shoulders, allowing it to droop behind until he had secured it under the salient points of his lank angular hips. In front he passed the blanket over his knees, and both ends reaching the ground, were gripped tightly between his toes. The contrivance was complete; and there sat the old trapper like a handglass over a plant of spring rhubarb, a slight smoke oozing through the apertures of the scant blanket, and curling up around his "ears" as though he was hatching upon a hotbed. But no fire could be seen, and Rube shivered no longer.

He soon found imitators. The young trapper had already constructed a similar furnace; and the others were soon warming themselves by this simple but ingenious device.

I did not disdain to avail myself of the extra "shaft" which the kind-hearted Garey had sunk for my accommodation; and having placed myself by its side, and drawn the ample robe over my shoulders, I felt as warm as if seated in front of a sea-coal fire.

Under other circumstances, I might have joined in the merriment produced in my companions by the ludicrous spectacle which we presented—a comic spectacle indeed; nine of us squatted at intervals over the ground, the blue smoke escaping through the interstices of our robes and blankets, and rising around our heads, as though one and all of us were on fire.

Wind, sleet, and darkness continued throughout the whole night—cold wind, sharp, icy sleet, and black darkness, that seemed palpable to the touch. Ever so eager, ever so fresh, we could not have advanced along the trail. Grand war-trail as it was, it could not have been traced under that amorphous obscurity, and we had no means of carrying a light, even had this been safe. We had no lantern, and the norther with one blast would have whisked out a torch of pitchpine.

We thought no more of going forward, until either the day should break or the wind come to a lull.

At midnight we replenished our subterranean fires, and remained on the ground. Hail, rain, wind and darkness. My companions rested their heads upon their knees, or nodding, slept. No sleep for me—not even the repose of thought. Like some fevered sufferer on his wakeful couch, I counted the hours—the minutes. The minutes seemed hours.

Rain, hail, sleet and wind seemed, like darkness itself, to belong to the night. As long as night lasted, so long continued they. When it came to an end, all vanished together—the norther had exhausted its strength.

A wild turkey—killed before nightfall—with some steaks of the peccary-pork, furnished us with an ample breakfast. It was hastily cooked and hastily eaten; and as the first streak of dawn appeared along the horizon, we were in our saddles, and advancing upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXX.

A RED EPISTLE.

The trail led north-west, as written upon the maguey. No doubt Isolina had heard her captors forespeak their plans. I knew that she herself understood something of the Comanche language. The accomplishment may appear strange, and not strange either, when it is known that her mother could have spoken it well; with her it was a *native tongue*.

But even without this knowledge she might still have learned the designs of the savages—for these southern Comanches are accomplished linguists; many of them can speak the beautiful language of Andalusia! There was a time when a portion of the tribe submitted to the teaching of the mission padres; besides, a few among them might boast—which they do not—of Iberian blood!

No doubt, the captive in their midst had overheard them discussing their projects.

We had ridden about two hours, when we came upon the ground where the Indians had made their night-camp. We approached it warily and with stealth, for we were now travelling with great caution. We had need.—Should a single savage, straggling behind, set eyes upon us, we might as well be seen by the whole band. If discovered upon the war-trail, our lives would not be worth much. Some of us might escape; or if all, at least our plan would be completely frustrated.

I say plan, for I had formed one. During the long vigil of the night, my thoughts had not been idle, and a course of action I had traced out, though it was not yet fully developed in my mind. Circumstances might alter it, or aid me in its execution.

We approached their night-encampment, then, warily and with stealth. The smoke of its smouldering fires pointed out the place, and warned us from afar. We found it quite deserted—the gaunt wolf and coyote alone occupying the ground, disputing with each other possession of the hide and bones of a horse—the debris of the Indian breakfast.

Had we not known already, the trappers could have told by the sign of the camp to what tribe the Indians belonged. There were still standing the poles of a tent—only one—doubtless the lodge of the head chief. The poles were temporary ones—saplings cut from the adjacent thicket. They were placed in a circle, and meeting at the top, were tied together with a piece of thong, so that, when covered, the lodge would have exhibited the form of a perfect cone. This we knew was the fashion of the Comanche tent.

"Ef 't hed 'a been Kickapoo," said Rube, who took the opportunity of displaying his knowledge, "th'ud 'a bent thur poles in'ard, so 's to make a sort o' a roun top, d'ee see; an ef 't hed 'a been Wacoes or Witchhcetoes, thu'd 'a left a hole at the top, to let out thur smoke. Delawurs and Shawnee wud 'a hed tents, jest like whites; but thet ur ain't thur way o' makin a fire. In a Shawnee fire, the logs 'ud 'a been laid wi' one eend turned in an the tother turned out, jest like the star on a Texan flag, or the spokes o' a wagon-wheel. Likeways Cherokee an Chocktaw wud' a hed reg'lar tents, but thur fire wud 'a been alser diff'rint. They'd 'a sot the logs puralel, side by side, an lit 'em only at one eend, an then pushed 'em up as fast as they burn'd. Thet's thur way. 'Ee see these hyur logs is sot diff'rint—thur lit in the middle, and thet's Kimanch for sartint—it ur."

Rube's knowledge extended further. The savages had been astart as early as ourselves. They had decamped about daylight, and were now exactly two hours ahead of us on the trail. Why were they travelling so rapidly? Not from fear of pursuit by any enemy. The soldiers of Mexico—had these been regarded by them—were too busy with the Saxon foe, and *vice versa*. They could hardly be expecting us to make an expedition to rob them of their captives. Perhaps they were driving forward to be in time for the great herds of buffalo, that, along with the cold northers, might now be looked for in the northern part of the Comanche range. This was the explanation given by the trappers—most probably the true one.

Under the influence of singular emotion, I rode over the ground. There were other signs besides those of the savage—signs of the plunder with which they were laden—signs of civilization. There were fragments of broken cups and musical instruments—torn leaves of books—remnants of dresses, silks and velvets—a small satin slipper (the peculiar *chaussure* of the Mexican manola) side by side with a worn-out mud-stained moccasin—fit emblems of savage and civilised life.

There was no time for speculating on so curious a confusion. I was looking for signs of her—for traces of my betrothed.

I cast around me inquiring glances. Where was it probable she had passed the night? Where?

"Young fellur! I ain't much o' a skoller, but I'd stake a pack o' beaver plew agin a ping o' Jesmes River, thet this hyur manuscript wur entended for yourself, and nob'dy else. Thur's writin upon it—thet's clur, an mighty kewr'ous ink I reck'n thet ur. Oncest ov a time I kud 'a read write or print eythur as easy as fallin off a log; for thur wur a Yankee fellur on Duck Crik thet kep a putty consid'rable school thur, an the ole 'oman—thet ur Mrs. Rawlins—lied this child put thro' a reg'lar coorse o' the Testymint. I remembers readin 'bout thet ur cussed niggur as toated the possible sack—Judeus, of I roccollex right, wur the durned raskul's name—ef I kud 'a laid claws on him, I'd bruised his bar in the shakin o' a goat's tail. Wagh! thet I wud."

Rube's indignation against the betrayer having reached its climax, brought his speech to a termination.

I had not waited for its finale. The object which he held between his fingers had more interest for me, than either the history of his own early days, or the story of the betrayal. It was a paper—a note actually folded and addressed "Warfield!" We had found it upon the grass, close to where the tent had stood, where it was held in the crotch of a split stick, the other end of which was struck into the ground.

No wonder the trapper remarked upon the ink; there was no mistaking the character of that livid red; the writing was *in blood!*

Hastily unfolding the paper, I read:

"Henri! I am still safe, but in dread of a sad fate—the fate of the poor white captive among these hideous men. Last night I feared it, but the Virgin shielded me. It has not come. Oh! I shall not submit—I shall die by my own hand. A strange chance has hitherto saved me from this horrid outrage. No! it was not chance, but Heaven that interposed. It is thus: Two of my captors claim me—one, the son of the chief—the other, the wretch to whom you granted life and freedom. Would to God it had been otherwise! Of the two, he of white blood is the viler savage—bad, brutal—a very demon. Both took part in the capture of the steed, therefore both claim me as their 'property.' The claim is not yet adjusted; hence have I been spared. But, alas! I fear my hour is nigh. A council is to be held that will decide to which of these monsters I am to be given. If to either, it is a horrid fate; if to neither, a doom still more horrible. Perchance you know their custom: I should be the property of all. Dios de mi alma! Never—never! Death—welcome, death!

"Fear not, Henri, lord of my heart! fear not that I shall dishonor your love. No—sacred in my breast, its purity shall be preserved, even at the sacrifice of my life. I shall bathe it with my blood. Ah me! my heart is bleeding now! They come to drag me away. Farewell! farewell!"

Such were the contents of the page—the flyleaf of a torn missal. Upon the other side was a vignette—a picture of Dolores, the weeping saint of Mexico! Had it been chosen, the emblem could scarcely have been more appropriate.

I thrust the red writing into my bosom; and, without waiting to exchange a word with my companions, pressed forward upon the trail.

CHAPTER LXXXI.

MORE WRITING IN RED.

The men followed as before. We needed no trackers to point out the way; the path was plain as a drover's road—a thousand hoofs had made their mark upon the ground.

We rode at a regular pace, not rapidly. I was in no hurry to come up with the savages; I desired not to get sight of them before nightfall; it would be better not, lest they might also get sight of us.

The plan I proposed to myself for the rescue of my betrothed, could not be accomplished in the daytime; darkness alone could avail me in carrying it out, and for nightfall must I wait.

We could easily have overtaken the savages before night. They were but two short hours in the advance of us, and would be certain—as is their custom on the war-trail—to make a noon-halt of several hours' duration. Even Indian horses require to be rested.

We calculated the rate at which they were travelling—how many miles to the hour. The prairie-men could tell to a furlong, both the gait and the distance.

The tracks of the poor captives were still seen along the trail. This showed that the party could not have been going faster than a walk.

The prairie-men alleged there were many horses without riders—led or driven; many mules, too—the product of the foray. Why were the poor captives not permitted to ride them?

Was it sheer cruelty, or brutal indifference on the part of their captors? Did the inhuman monsters gloat over the sufferings of these unfortunate, and deny them even the alleviation of physical pain? The affirmative answer to all these questions was probably the true one, since hardly better—no better, indeed—is the behavior of these savages towards the women of their own blood and kind—their own squaws.

Talk not to me of the noble savage—of the simplicity and gentleness of that condition falsely termed a "state of nature." It is not nature. God meant not man to be a wild Ishmaelite on the face of the earth. Man was made for civilization—for society; and only under its influence does he assume the form and grace of true nobility. Leave him to himself—to the play of his instincts—to the indulgence of his evil impulses—and man becomes a brute, a beast of prey. Even worse, for wolf and tiger gently consort with their kind, and still more gently with their family: they feel the tenderness of the family tie. Where is the savage upon all the earth who does not usurp dominion, and practise the meanest tyranny over his weaker mate? Where can you find him? Not on the blood-stained karoos of Africa, not upon the forest-plains of the Amazon, not by the icy shores of the Arctic Sea, certainly not upon the prairies of North America.

No man can be noble who would in wrath lay his finger upon weaker woman; talk not, then, of the noble savage!—fancy of poets, myth of romancers!

The tracks of riderless horses, the footsteps of walking women—tender girls and children—upon that long tiresome trail, had for me a cruel significance—those slender tiny tracks of pretty feet—*pobres ninas!*

There was one that fixed my attention more than the rest: every now and then my eyes were upon it; I fancied I could identify it. It was exactly the size, I thought. The perfect symmetry and configuration, the oval curve of the heel, the high instep, the row of small graduated globes made by the impression of the toes, the smooth surface left by the imprint of the delicate epidermis—all these points seemed to characterise the footprint of a lady.

Surely it could not be hers? Oh, surely she would not be toiling along that weary track? Cruel as were the hearts of her captors, brutal as were their natures, surely they would not inflict this unnecessary pain? Beauty like hers should command kinder treatment, should inspire compassion even in the breast of a savage! Alas! I deemed it doubtful.

We rode slowly on, not desirous of overtaking the foe: we were allowing them time to depart from their noon halting-place. We might as well have stopped for a while, but I could not submit to the repose of a halt. Motion, however slow, appeared progress, and in some measure hindered me from dwelling upon thoughts that only produced unnecessary pain.

Notwithstanding the incumbrance of their spoils, the Indians must have been travelling faster than we. They had no fear of foes to retard them; nought to require either spies or caution. They were now in their own country—in the very heart of the Comanche range—and in dread of no enemy. They were moving freely and without fear. We, on the contrary, had to keep our scouts in the advance; every bend of the road had to be reconnoitred by them, every bush examined, every rise of the ground approached with extreme care and watchfulness. These manœuvres occupied time, and we moved slowly enough.

It was after mid-day when we arrived at the noon-camp of the savages. They had kindled fires and cooked flesh. The smoke, as before, warned us, and approaching under cover, we perceived that they were gone. The bones, clean picked, were easily identified, and the mid-day meal showed that there had been no change in the diet of these hippophagists: dinner and dejeuner had been alike—drawn from the same larder.

Again I searched the ground; but, as before, the eyes of the trapper proved better than mine.

"Hyur's a other billit dux, young fellur," said he, handing me the paper.

Another leaf from the missal!

I seized it eagerly—eagerly I devoured its contents! This time they were more brief:

"Once more I open my veins. The council meets to-night. In a few hours it will be decided whose property I am—whose slave—whose——Santissima Maria! I cannot write the word. I shall attempt to escape. They leave my hands free, but my limbs are tightly bound. I have tried to undo my fastenings, but cannot. Oh, if I but had a knife! I know where one is kept; I may contrive to seize it, but it must be in the last moment—it will not do to fail. Henri, I am firm and resolute; I do not yield to despair. One way or the other, I shall free myself. They come; the villain watches me; I must——"

The writing ended abruptly. Her jailors had suddenly approached. The paper had evidently been concealed from them in haste; it had been crumbled up and flung upon the grass—for so was it when found. * * * *

We remained for a while upon the spot, to rest and refresh our horses; the poor brutes needed both. There was water at the place, and that might not be met with again.

The sun was far down when we resumed our march—*our last march along the war-trail.*

CHAPTER LXXXII.

AN "INJUN ON THE BACK-TRACK."

We had advanced about a mile further, when our scouts—who, as usual, had gone forward to reconnoitre—having ascended a swell on the prairie, were observed crouching behind some bushes that grew upon its crest. We all drew bridle to await the result of their reconnaissance. The peculiar attitude in which they had placed themselves, and the apparent earnestness with which they glanced over the bushes, led us to believe that some object was before their eyes of more than common interest.

So it proved. We had scarcely halted, when they were seen to retire suddenly from the cover, and rising erect, run at full speed back down the hill—at the same time making signals to us to conceal ourselves.

Fortunately, there was timber near, and in a few seconds we had all ridden into it, taking the horses of the trappers along with us.

The declivity of the hill enabled the scouts to run with swiftness; and they were among the trees almost as soon as we.

"What is it?" inquired several in a breath.

"Injun on the back-track," replied the panting trappers.

"Indians!—how many of them?" naturally asked one of the rangers.

"Who sayed Injuns? I sayed a Injun," sharply retorted Rube. "Durn yur palaver! thur's no time for jaw-waggin. Git yur rope ready, Bill. 'Ee durned greenhorns! keep down yur guns—shootin won't do hyur—ynd hev the hul gang back in the flappin o' a beaver's tail. Let Bill rope the niggur, an the young fellur hyur—he knows how; an of both shed miss 'im, I ain't agwine. 'Ee hear me, fellurs? Don't ne'er a one o' ye fire: ef a gun ur wanted, Targuts 'll be surfficient, I guess. For yur lives don't a fire them ur blunderboxes o' yourn till I miss—they'd be heerd ten mile off. Ready wi' yur rope, Billee? You, young fellur? All right; mind yur eyes both, an snare the durned niggur like a swamp-rabbit. Yanner he comes, by the jumpin Geehosophat!"

The pithy chapter of instructions above detailed was delivered in far less time than it may take to read it. The speaker never paused till he had uttered the final emphatic expression, which was one of his favorite phrases of embellishment.

At the same instant I saw, just appearing above the crest of the ridge, the head and shoulders of a savage. In a few seconds more, the body rose in sight, and then the thighs and legs, with a large piebald mustang between them. I need scarcely add that the horse was going at a gallop; it is a rare sight when a horse-Indian rides any other gait.

There was only one. The scouts were sure of this. Beyond the swell stretched an open prairie, and if the Indian had had companions or followers, they would have been seen. He was alone.

What had brought him back on the trail? Was he upon the scout? No; he was riding without thought and without precaution. A scout would have acted otherwise. He might have been a messenger; but whither bound? Surely the Indians had left no party in our rear?

Quickly these inquiries passed among us from mouth to mouth, and quick conjectures were offered in answer. The voyageur gave the most probable solution.

"Pe gar! he go back for zo sheel."

"Shield! what shield?"

"Ah, you no see 'im. I see 'im wiz me eyes. He vas cache dans les herbes—von large sheel—boucller tres gros—fabrique from ze peau of de buffo—ze parfleche—et garnie avec les scalps—frais et sanglants—scalps Mexicaines. Mon Dieu!"

The explanation was understood. Le Blanc had observed a shield among the bushes where we had halted—like enough left behind by some of the braves. It was garnished with scalps, fresh Mexican scalps—like enough. The Indian had forgotten both his armor and his trophies; he was on his way to recover them—like enough.

There was no time either for further talk or conjecture; the red horseman had reached the bottom of the hill; in ten seconds more he would be lazoed or shot.

Garey and I placed ourselves on opposite sides of the path, both with our lazoes coiled and ready. The trapper was an adept in the use of this singular weapon, and I too understood something of its management. The trees were in our way, and would have prevented the proper winding of it; but it was our intention to spur clear of the timber the moment the Indian came within range, and "rope" him on the run.

Rube crouched behind Garey, rifle in hand, and the rangers were also ready, in case both the lazoes and Rube's rifle should miss.

It would not do to let the Indian either go on or go back; in either case he would report us. Should he pass the spot where we were, he would observe our tracks in a minute's time, even amidst the thousands of others, and would be certain to return by another route. Should he escape from us, and gallop back, still worse. He must not be permitted either to go on or go back; he must be captured or killed!

For my part, I desired that the former should be his destiny. I had no feeling of revenge to gratify by taking the life of this red man; and had his capture not been absolutely necessary to our own safety, I should willingly have let him come and go as he listed.

Some of my comrades were actuated by very different motives. Killing a Comanche Indian was, in their creed, no greater crime than killing a wolf, a panther, or a grizzly bear; and it was not from any motives of mercy that the trapper had cautioned the others to hold their fire; prudence alone dictated the advice—the reports of the guns might be heard.

Through the leaves I looked upon the savage as he advanced. A fine looking fellow he was—no doubt one of the first warriors of his tribe. What his face was I could not see, for the war-paint disfigured it with a hideous mask; but his body was large, his chest broad and full, his limbs symmetrical, and well-turned to the very toes. He sat his horse like a centaur.

I had no opportunity for prolonged observation. Without hesitating, the Indian galloped up.

I sprang my horse clear of the timber. I wound the lazo around my head, and hurled it towards the savage; I saw the noose settling over his shoulders, even down to his hips.

I spurred in the opposite direction; I felt the quick jerk, and the taut rope told me I had secured the victim.

I turned in my saddle and glanced back; I saw the rope of Garey around the neck of the Indian's mustang, tightened, and holding him fast. Horse and horsemen—both were ours!

THE RED EPISTLE.

CHAPTER LXXXIII.

MY PLAN.

The savage did not yield himself up without resistance. Resistance with an Indian is instinctive, as with a wild animal. He flung himself from his horse, and drawing his knife, with a single cut severed the thong that bound him.

In another instant, he would have been off among the bushes; but before he could move from the spot, half-a-dozen strong arms were around him; and in spite of his struggles, and the dangerous thrusts of his long Spanish knife, he was "choked" down and held fast.

My followers were for making short work with him. More than one had bared their blades to finish him upon the spot, and would have done so, had I not interfered. I was averse to spilling his blood, and by my intercession, his life was spared.

To prevent him from giving us further trouble, however, we tied him to a tree, in such a manner that he could not possibly free himself.

The mode of securing him was suggested by Stanfield the backwoodsman: it was simple and safe. A tree was chosen, whose trunk was large enough to fill the embrace of the savage, so that the ends of his fingers just met when his arms were drawn to their full stretch around it. Upon his wrists, thongs of raw hide were firmly knotted, and then tied together. His ankles were also bound by similar cords, the ends of which were staked, so as to hinder him from worming around the tree, and perchance wearing off his fastenings, or chafing them, so that they might break.

The ligature was perfect; the most expert jail-breaker could not have freed himself from such a binding.

It was our intention to leave him thus, and *perhaps* set him free upon our return, if we should return by that way—a doubtful hypothesis.

I thought not at the time of the cruelty we were committing. We had spared the Indian's life—a mercy at the moment—and I was too much concerned about the future of others, to waste reflection on his.

We had taken the precaution to leave him at some distance from the place of his capture; others of his party might come after, and discover him, soon enough to interfere with our plans. His prison had been chosen far off in the depth of the woods; even his shouts could not have been heard by any one passing along the trail.

He was not to be left entirely alone: a horse was to be his companion—not his own—for one of the rangers had fancied an exchange. Stanfield—not well mounted—proposed a "swop," as he jocosely termed it, to which the savage had no alternative but consent; and the Kentuckian, having "hitched" his worn out nag to a tree, led off the skewbald mustang in triumph, declaring that he was now "squar wi' the Indyens." Stanfield would have liked it better had the "swop" been made with the renegade who had robbed him.

We were about to leave the place and move on, when a bright idea suddenly came into my head: it occurred to me that I too might effect a profitable exchange with our new-made captive—a swop, not of horses, but of men—in short, an exchange of persons—of identities! In truth, a bright idea it was, and one that promised well.

I have said that I had already conceived a plan for the rescue of my betrothed: I had done so during the night, and all along the route, in my mind I had been maturing it. The incident that had just transpired had given rise to a host of new ideas—one, above all, that promised to aid me in facilitating the execution of my design. The capture of the savage, which had at first given me uneasiness, I now regarded in a very different light—as a fortunate circumstance. I could not help thinking that I recognized in it the finger of Providence, and the thought inspired me with hope. I felt that I was not forsaken.

The plan I had proposed to myself was simple enough; it would require more of courage than stratagem; but to the former I was sufficiently nerved by the desperate circumstances in which we had become involved. I proposed to enter the Indian camp in the night—of course, by stealth, and under cover of darkness—to find the captive—set her limbs free—and then trust to chance for the after escape of both of us.

If once inside the encampment, and within reach of her, a sudden coup might accomplish all this: success was not beyond possibility, nor probability neither; and the circumstances admitted of no plan that promised so fairly.

To have attempted fight with my few followers against such a host—to have attacked the Indian camp, even under the disadvantage of an alarm—would have been sheer madness. It must have resulted not only in our immediate defeat, but would have destroyed our last chance of rescuing the captive. The savages once alarmed and warned, could never be approached again. Isolina would be lost for ever.

My followers agreed with me upon the imprudence of an attack. Folly they termed it; not from any motives of fear: they were willing to risk all; and had I so ordered, would have charged with me, rifle in hand, into the very midst of the enemy's lines. I knew they would, every man of them. Even the voyageur—the least brave of my party—would not have flinched; for, in the midst of brave men, cowards cease to be.

But such a course would indeed have been folly—madness. We thought not of adopting it; all approved of the plan I had formed, and which I had already set before them as we tarried by the noon halting-place.

Several had volunteered to be my companions—to venture along with me into the camp of the savages; to share with me the extreme of the danger; but for several reasons I was determined to go alone. Should every one of them be along with me, I saw it would double the risk of detection. In this matter, stratagem, not strength, was needed, and speed in the last moments would be worth both.

Of course, I did not expect to get the captive clear without being observed and pursued—that would have been preposterous; she would be too well watched by the savages—not only by her jailors, but by the jealous eyes of those rival claimants of her body.

No; on the contrary, I anticipated pursuit—close and eager; it might be strife; but I trusted to my own swiftness of foot; and to hers; for well knew I her bold heart and free limb: it was no helpless burden I should have to bring away.

I trusted to my being able to baffle their pursuit—to keep them back while she ran forward. For that purpose, I should take with me my knife and revolvers—I trusted to these, and much to chance, or, perhaps I should rather say to God. My cause was good—my heart firm and hopeful.

Other precautions I intended to take: horses ready as near as they might be brought; men also ready seated in their saddles, rifle in hand—ready for fight or flight.

Such was the enterprise upon which I was resolved. Success or death was staked upon the issue. If not successful, I cared not to survive it.

CHAPTER LXXXIV.

"PAINTING INJUN."

Withal, I was not reckless. If not sanguine, I was far from despondent; and as I continued to dwell upon it, the prospect seemed to brighten, and success to appear less problematical.

One of the chief difficulties I should have to encounter would be *getting into* the camp. Once inside the lines—that is, among the camp-fires and tents, if there should be any—I would be comparatively safe. This I knew from experience; for it would not be my first visit to an encampment of prairie-Indians. Even in their midst, mingling with savages themselves, and under the light of their glaring fires, I should be less exposed to the danger of detection than while attempting to cross their lines. First, there might be outlying pickets; then within these the horse-guards; and within these, again, the horses themselves!

You may smile, when I assert that the last was to me a source of apprehension as great as either of the others. An Indian horse is a sentinel not to be despised. He is as much the enemy of the white man as his master; and partly from fear, and partly from actual antipathy, he will not permit the former to approach him. The human watcher may be negligent—may sleep upon his post—the mustang never. The scent of a white man, or the sight of a skulking form, will cause him to snort and neigh; so that a whole camp will either be *stampeded* or put upon the alert in a few minutes. Many a well-planned attack has been defeated by the warning-snort of the sentinel horse.

It is not that the prairie-horse feels any peculiar attachment for the Indian; strange if he did—since tyrant more cruel to the equine race does not exist—no driver more severe, no rider more hard than a horse-Indian.

It is simply the faithfulness which the noble animal exhibits for his companion and master, with the instinct which tells him when that master is menaced by danger. He will do the same service for a white as for a red man; and often does the weary trapper take his lone rest with the full confidence that the vigil will be faithfully kept by his horse.

Had there been dogs in the Indian camp, my apprehensions would have been still more acute—the danger would have been more than doubled. Even within the lines, these cunning brutes would have known me as an enemy: the disguise of garments would not avail; by the scent, an Indian dog can at once tell the white from the red man; and they appear to hold a real antipathy against the race of the Saxon. Even in time of truce, a white man entering an Indian camp can scarcely be protected from the wolfish pack.

I knew there were no dogs—we saw tracks of none. The Indians had been upon the war-trail; and when they proceed on these grand expeditions, their dogs, like their women, are left "at home." I had reason to be thankful that such was their custom.

Of course it was my intention to go disguised; it would have been madness to have gone otherwise. In the darkest night, my uniform would have betrayed me; but necessarily, in my search for the captive, I should be led within the light of the fires.

It was my design, therefore, to counterfeit the Indian costume; and how to do this had been for some time the subject of my reflections. I had been congratulating myself on the possession of the buffalo-robe. That would go far towards the disguise; but other articles were wanting to complete my costume. The leggings and moccasins—the plumed head-dress and neck ornaments, the long, straggling locks, the bronze complexions of arms and breast—the piebald face of chalk, charcoal, and vermillion—where were all these to be obtained? There was no *costumerie* in the desert.

In the moment of excitement that succeeded the capture of the savage, I had been thinking of other things. It was only when we were about to part from him that the idea jumped into my mind—that bright idea—that *he* could *furnish* me—the very man.

I turned back to reconnoitre his person. Dismounting, I scanned him from head to foot. With delight my eyes rested upon his buck-skin-leggings, his bead-embroidered moccasins, his pendent collar of javali tusks, his eagle plumes, stained red, and the ample robe of jaguar-skins that draped his back—all pleased me much.

But that we were bent on an errand of peril, the last would not have been left there. My followers had eyed it with avidity, and more than one of them had been desirous of removing it; but proximate peril had damped the ardor for spoil, and the splendid robe had been permitted to remain where so gracefully it hung upon the shoulders of the savage.

It soon replaced the buffalo-robe upon mine: my boots were cast aside, and my legs encased in the scalp-fringed leggings; my hips were swathed in the leathern "breech-clout;" and my feet thrust in the foot-gear of the Comanche, which, by good-fortune, fitted to a hair.

There was yet much required to make me an Indian. Comanches upon the war-trail go naked from the waist upward—the tunic-shirt is only worn upon the hunt, or on ordinary occasions. How was I to counterfeit the copper skin—the bronzed arms and shoulders?—the mottled breast—the face of red, and white, and black? Paint only could aid me; and where was paint to be procured? The black we could imitate with gunpowder, but—

"Wagh!" ejaculated Rube, who was seen holding in his hands a wolf-skin, prettily trimmed and garnished with quills and beads—it was the medicine-bag of the Indian. "Wagh! I thort we'd find the matcerals in the niggur's possible-sack—hyur they be!"

Rube had dived his hand to the bottom of the embroidered bag; and, while speaking, drew it triumphantly forth. Several little leathern packets appeared between his fingers, which, from their stained outsides, evidently contained pigments of various colors; whilst a small shining object in their midst, proved, on closer inspection, to be a looking-glass!

Neither the trappers nor myself were astonished at finding these odd "notions" in such a place; on the contrary, it was natural we should have looked for them there. Seldom in peace, but never in time of war, does the Indian ride abroad without his rouge and his mirror!

The colors were of the right sort, and corresponded exactly with those that glittered upon the skin of the captive warrior.

Under the keen edge of a bowie, my mustaches came off in a twinkling; a little grease was procured; the paints were mixed; and placing myself side by side with the Indian, I stood for *his* portrait. Rube was the painter—a piece of soft buckskin his brush, the broad palm of Garey his pallet.

The operation did not last a great while. In twenty minutes it was all over, and the Indian brave and I appeared the exact counterparts of each other. Streak by streak, and spot by spot, had the old trapper imitated those hideous hieroglyphics—even to the red hand upon the breast, and the cross upon the brow. In horrid aspect, the copy quite equalled the original.

One thing was still lacking—an important element in the metamorphosis of disguise; I wanted the long, snaky, black tresses that adorned the head of the Comanche.

The want was soon supplied. Again the bowie blade was called upon to serve as scissors; and with Garey to perform the tonsorial feat, the *chevelure* of the Indian was shorn of its flowing glories.

The savage winced as the keen blade glistened around his brow; he had no other thought than that he was about to be scalped alive!

"'Tain't the way I'd raise his har, the dod-rotted niggur!" muttered Rube, as he stood watching the operation. "Fotch the hide along wi' it, Bill! It 'll save bother—'ee'll hev to make a wig, if 'ee don't; skin 'im, durn 'im!"

Of course Garey did not give heed to the cruel counsel, which he knew was not meant for earnest.

A rude "scratch" was soon constructed, and being placed upon my head, was attached to my own waving locks. Fortunately, these were of dark color, and the hue corresponded.

I fancied I saw the Indian smile when he perceived the use we were making of his splendid tresses. It was a grim smile, however, and from the first moment to the last, neither word nor ejaculation escaped from his lips.

Even I was forced to smile; I could not restrain myself. The odd travesty in which we were engaged—the strange commingling of the comic and serious in the act—and above all, the ludicrous look of the captive Indian, after they had close cropped him, was enough to make a stone smile. My comrades could not contain themselves, but laughed outright.

The plume-bonnet was now placed on my head. It was fortunate the brave had one—for this magnificent head-dress is rarely worn on a war expedition; fortunate, for it aided materially in concealing the counterfeit. The false hair could hardly have been detected even under the light of day.

There was no more to be done. The painter, hair-dresser, and costumier had performed their several offices—I was ready for the masquerade.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

O! blessed nature, "O rus! O rus!"
Who cannot sigh for the country thus,
Absorbed in a worldly torpor—
Who does not yearn for its meadow-sweet breath,
Untainted by care, and crime, and death,
And to stand sometimes upon grass or heath—
That soul, spite of gold, is a pauper!

—*Hood.*

☞ TOLERATION.—Sir Thomas Brown says: "I never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or to be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself."

☞ A French writer is represented as calling dyspepsia "the remorse of a guilty stomach."

☞ "'Tis strange," muttered a young man, as he staggered home from a supper party, "how evil communications corrupt good manners. I've been surrounded by tumblers all the evening, and now I'm a tumbler myself."

☞ A Western editor, whose subscribers complained very loudly that he did not give them news enough for their money, told them that if they did not find enough in the paper, they had better read the Bible, which, he had no doubt, would be news to them.

☞ Riddle, the auctioneer, is well known to be prone to waggery. At the sale of stable stock at Cambridge, Mass., the floor of the stable gave way, letting down most of the company into the cellar, but without injury to any person. Riddle, whose stand remained secure, surveyed the wreck before him, and coolly remarked that there was a great falling off of bidders!

☞ Mr. G——, a clergyman of a neighboring town, being recently absent from home, on business, his little son, a lad of four years, calmly folded his hands, and asked the blessing as usually pronounced by his father at their morning meal. At noon, being asked to pronounce the blessing he replied, with a grave face, "No, I don't like the looks of them taters!"

☞ M. Salverte, in his work on the Occult Sciences, shows a probability that the ancients defended their buildings from lightning, by conductors, and that the Temple of Solomon was thus protected.

☞ Naturalists have remarked that the squirrel is continually chatting with his fellow squirrels in the woods. This we have every reason to suppose, arises from that animal's love of gossip, as he is notoriously one of the greatest *tail*-bearers among his tribe.

THE FIRST RIDE.

"And it came to pass that, as I was standing by the door of the barrack stable, one of the grooms came out to me, saying, 'I say, young gentleman, I wish you would give the cob a breathing this fine morning.'

"'Why do you wish me to mount him?' said I; 'you know it is dangerous. I saw him fling you off his back only a few days ago.'

"'Why, that's the very thing, master. I'd rather see anybody on his back than myself; he does not like me; but, to them he does, he can be as gentle as a lamb.'

"'But suppose,' said I, 'that he should not like me?'

"'We shall soon see that, master,' said the groom; 'and if so be he shows temper, I will be the first to tell you to get down. But there's no fear of that; you have never angered or insulted him, and to such as you, I say again, he'll be gentle as a lamb.'

"'And how came you to insult him,' said I, 'knowing his temper as you do?'

"'Merely through forgetfulness, master. I was riding him about a month ago, and, having a stick in my hand, I struck him, thinking I was on another horse, or rather thinking of nothing at all. He has never forgiven me, though before that time he was the only friend I had in the world; I should like to see you on him, master.'

"'I should soon be off him—I can't ride.'

"'Then you are all right, master; there's no fear. Trust him for not hurting a young gentleman, an officer's son, who can't ride. If you were a blackguard dragoon, indeed, with long spurs, 'twere another thing; as it is, he'll treat you as if he were the elder brother that loves you. Ride! he'll soon teach you to ride if you leave the matter with him. He's the best riding-master in all Ireland, and the gentlest.'

"The cob was led forth. 'There,' said the groom, as he looked at him, half admiringly, half sorrowfully, 'with sixteen stone on his back, he'll trot fourteen miles in one hour; with your nine stone, some two-and-a-half more; ay, and clear a six-foot wall at the end of it.'

"'I'm half afraid,' said I; 'I had rather you would ride him.'

"'I'd rather so, too, if he would let me; but he remembers the blow. Now, don't be afraid, young master; he's longing to go out himself. He's been trampling with his feet these three days, and I know what that means; he'll let anybody ride him but myself, and thank them; but to me he says, "No! you struck me."'

"'But,' said I, 'where's the saddle?'

"'Never mind the saddle; if you are ever to be a frank rider, you must begin without a saddle; besides, if he felt a saddle, he would think you don't trust him, and leave you to yourself.'

"Off went the cob at a slow and gentle trot, too fast and rough, however, for so inexperienced a rider. I soon felt myself sliding off; the animal perceived it, too, and instantly stood stone-still till I had righted myself; and now the groom came up: 'When you feel yourself going,' said he, 'don't lay hold of the mane, that's no use; mane never yet saved man from falling, no more than straw from drowning; it's his sides you must cling to with your calves and feet, till you learn to balance yourself. That's it, now abroad with you; I'll bet my comrade a pot of beer that you'll be a regular rough-rider by the time you come back.'

"And so it proved; I followed the directions of the groom, and the cob gave me every assistance. How easy is riding, after the first timidity is got over, to supple and youthful limbs; and there is no second fear. In less than two hours I had made the circuit of the Devil's Mountain, and was returning along the road, bathed in perspiration, but screaming with delight; the cob laughing in his equine way, scattering foam and pebbles to the left and right, and trotting at the rate of sixteen miles an hour.

"Oh, that ride! that first ride!—most truly it was an epoch in my existence; and I still look back to it with feelings of longing and regret. People may talk of first love—it is a very agreeable event, I dare say—but give me the flush, and triumph, and glorious sweat of a first ride, like mine on the mighty cob! My whole frame was shaken, it is true; and during one long week I could hardly move foot or hand; but what of that? By that one trial I had become free, as I may say, of the whole equine species. No more fatigue, no more stiffness of joints, after that first round the Devil's Hill on the cob!

"It was thus that the passion for the equine race was first awakened within me—a passion which, up to the present time, has been rather on the increase than diminishing. It is no blind passion; the horse being a noble and generous creature, intended by the All Wise to be the helper and friend of man, to whom he stands next in the order of creation. On many occasions of my life I have been much indebted to the horse, and have found in him a friend and coadjutor, when human help and sympathy were not to be obtained. It is, therefore, natural enough that I should love the horse; but the love which I entertain for him has always been blended with respect; for I soon perceived that, though disposed to be the friend and helper of man, he is by no means inclined to be his slave; in which respect he differs from the dog, who will crouch when beaten; which the horse spurns to do, for he is aware of his own worth, and that he carries death within the horn of his heel."—*Borrow's "Romany Rye."*

APTITUDES IN MEN.—It is very certain that no man is fit for everything; but it is almost as certain, too, that there is scarcely any one man who is not fit for something, which something nature plainly points out to him by giving him a tendency and propensity to it. Every man finds in himself, either from nature or education (for they are hard to distinguish), a peculiar bent and disposition to some peculiar character; and his struggling against it is the fruitless and endless labor of Sisphyus. Let him follow and cultivate that vocation, he will succeed in it, and be considerable in one way, at least; whereas, if he departs from it he will, at best, be inconsiderable, probably ridiculous. —*Lord Chesterfield.*

☞ It has been wittily said that Cupid's food is arrow root.

NEW PROCESS OF MAKING BUTTER.—In this process I claim to have so perfected butter-making that butter may be kept sweet for several days without the rancid odor caused by the decomposition of water and butter-milk that pervades most of the butter at the present time. The following is an outline of my improved process:—Firstly, in churning the cream, enough ice should be put into it occasionally to make the butter come in crumbs. Pour off the butter-milk, and wash the butter several times in soft ice-water, until there ceases to be any milky appearance. During the process of washing, should there be a solid lump of butter large enough to contain a cell of fluid, that lump should be crushed while in the water and broken into a corresponding size with the other crumbs. Lastly, wash it in brine made of rock-salt, salt-petre, soft water and ice; skim the crumbs out of the brine with a skimmer; drain each skimmerful well, and spread the crumbs of butter on zinc plates (in cold weather wooden tables will do instead.) In very warm weather the zinc plates should be set on ice water. While the crumbs are spread out thinly, place the butter in the middle of a milk-room; open all the windows, and a current of air passing over it will evaporate all the moisture in warm weather, if the room is suitably ventilated. Great care should be taken not to have any other moisture in the room, like water on the floor, or wet dairy furniture. When the butter is perfectly dry, pack it down immediately; let there be no more working of it than is necessary to pack it solid in a jar or tub. This will secure unbroken the crystals of butter and its original flavor. As near as I can ascertain, there will not exceed one ounce of salt to ten pounds of butter by the process of brine salting. As a general thing, in making for hospitals, gouty invalids, and sick persons, the salting process should be omitted altogether. Butter made in this way (without salt,) if sealed in cans or jars, and placed in an atmosphere or chamber of binoxide of nitrogen, I believe will keep any practical number of years.—*Cor. of the Ohio Farmer.*

THE MODERN PULPIT.—The oracular power and virtue which once dwelt in the pulpit have departed to the printing-press on the other side of the street. The parish church, which once lorded it over the landscape, and pointed its steeple, like a still finger of hushing awe over the landscape; and even the minister, which lifted up a broader hand of more imperative power, have found formidable rivals not only in the Dissenting chapel, but in the private school, nay, in the public house of the village, where men talk and think and form passionate purposes over newspapers. Sermons are now criticised, not obeyed; and when our modern Pauls preach, our Felixes yawn instead of trembling. Ministers have become a timid and apologetic class; the fearlessness of Knox is seldom met with, save among the fanatics of their number, in whom it looks simply ludicrous. The thunders of the pulpit have died away, or, when they are awakened, it is through the preacher's determination to be popular, or through the agitation of his despair; he in general consults, not commands, the taste of his audience; and his word, unlike his professed Master's, is without authority, and therefore as that of the Scribes, nay, less powerful than theirs. John Howe could preach six hours to unwearied throngs; twenty years ago, Edward Irving could protract his speech to midnight; but now a sermon of three-quarters of an hour, even from eloquent lips, is thought sufficiently exhaustive both of the subject and of the audience.—*George Gilfillan.*

☞ A workman at a lunatic asylum in England left a chisel, more than three feet long, on a recent occasion in one of the wards. A furious patient seized it, and threatened to kill with it any one who approached him. Every one then in the ward immediately departed from him. At length the attendant opened the door, and balancing the key of the ward on his hand, walked slowly towards the dangerous madman, looking intently at it.

His attention, said the attendant, was immediately attracted. He came toward me, and asked:

"What are you doing with that?"

"I am trying to balance this key on my hand," said I, "and I can't do it; but you cannot balance that chisel in that way on the back of your hand."

"Yes, I can," said he, balancing it carefully, and extending it towards me.

I took it off very quietly, and without making any comment upon it. He seemed a little chagrined on having lost his weapon, but made no attempt to regain it, and in a short time all irritation passed away.

☞ The London Times recently contained the following: "Wanted in a small gentleman's family, in the west end, where two servants only are kept, a plain cook. Wages £15, with sugar found, and washing put out. Address by letter, pre paid, to E. L., at Barker's, news agent, 19 Throgmortion-street, Bank."

☞ THE NARROW GATE.—"Thanks!" muttered our bachelor friend, "no more women in Heaven; they can't get in. Their hoops are so broad they will have to go the *broad road!* —none of these fashionables can ever travel through the narrow gate."

☞ The bumblest thing in the world—a clock; as it is always running itself down: and the most bashful, as it is always holding its hand before its face.

☞ "Anger," says Dr. Thomas Fuller, "is one of the sinews of the soul—he that wanteth it hath a maimed mind, and like Jacob, with sinews shrunk in the hollow of his thigh, must needs halt. Nor is it good to converse with such as cannot be angry, and, like the Caspian Sea, never ebb nor flow."

☞ Here is a sound of deep note:—

He only *is* Who ever was;
The All-measuring Mind; the Will Supreme.
Rocks, mountains, worlds, like bubbles pass:
God is; the things not God but seem.

☞ Lord Kenyon being at the levee soon after an extraordinary explosion of ill-humor in the Court of King's Bench, George III. said to him, "My Lord Chief Justice, I hear that you have lost your temper, and from my great regard for you, I am glad to hear it, for I hope you will find a better one."

☞ What more precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first love of a pure, earnest, and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and fourteen three-story houses?

WEEKLY REVIEW OF THE PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

BREADSTUFFS—There has been no essential change to notice in the Flour market. Supplies come forward quite slowly, and the stocks, both in the hands of the receivers and retailers is very much reduced, but there has been very little export demand, and prices are drooping. The sales for shipment comprise 2000 bbls standard and good brands at $7 ₰ bbl; 1200 bbls extra at $7.75, and 1500 bbls, to be ground from *new Wheat*, at $7.90. The sales to the trade have been within the range of the same quotations for common and extra brands, and $8.25 up to 9 for Extra Family and Fancy. Rye Flour and Corn Meal have been very quiet—200 bbls of the former sold at $4.75, and 400 bbls of the latter at a shade less than $4.

GRAIN—There has been very little demand for Wheat this week, but as the farmers are generally busily engaged in harvesting their crops, there is very little coming forward, and holders have been enabled to realize former rates. Sales of prime bush Southern and Penna. in lots, at $1.35@1.36 ₰ bush for red, and $2 for white. Some lots of *new* were offered at $1.30 for red, and $2 for white, but the millers refuse to give this rate. Rye has declined, and 2000 bushels sold at $1.02@1.03 closing at the former figure. Corn has been in steady demand, without change in prices. Sales of 16,000 bush yellow, mostly at 75@76c afloat, and 1000 bu-h white at the latter figure. Oats have been in better request, and about 10,000 bush of Delaware and Penna sold at 39@43c ₰ bush.

PROVISIONS—Supplies of Pork and Bacon come forward very slowly. The market has been exceedingly quiet since our last notice—the transactions in all descriptions being of a very meagre character. The stock of Pork is reduced to a very low figure, but there is very little demand for it. Sales of Western Mess at $23.50@24, on time, and Prime at $19.50 ₰ bbl. Prices of Beef are unchanged. Bacon has attracted but little attention. Small sales of Hams at 12@13c ₰ lb for plain, and 13@14c for fancy canvassed; 60 casks Sides at 10½c, and Shoulders at 11@11½c ₰ lb 60 days. The stock of Bulk Meats is about exhausted, but there has been more doing. Sales of Hams at 11½c, Sides at 11@11c, and Shoulders at 10½c, 60 days. Of Lard there has been very little coming forward, and but little stock here to operate in. There is, however, very little inquiry, and the sales have been only in small lots. Small sales of bbls at 12@13c, and 500 kegs at 15½c ₰ lb. Butter continues dull. Small sales of solid packed at 16@18c, and Roll at 18@20c ₰ lb. Prices of Cheese are unchanged.

BARK—There has been a steady demand for Quercitron Bark at the late decline, and further sales of 1½ tons No. 1 have been made at $43 ₰ ton. Tanner's Bark is less active, but prices are unchanged. Sales of Spanish at $17 ₰ cord, and Chestnut at $13@14.

BEESWAX—Prices are unchanged. Small sales of Yellow at 26@26c ₰ lb, cash.

CANDLES—There is very little inquiry for any description, but prices remain firm. A sale of City manufactured at 22c ₰ lb, on time.

COAL—Supplies continue to come forward freely both from the Schuylkill and Lehigh Mines. There has been a moderate inquiry, but the market is not as active as the dealers had anticipated. Prices have undergone no change. Coolers are in moderate supply, and meet with quick despatch to Eastern ports.

COFFEE—An invoice of 1,243 bags Laguayra has arrived since our last notice. There has been moderate inquiry, but the stringent rates demanded by holders has retarded operations. Sales of 2,200 bags Rio at 11@11½c ₰ lb, for fair and good quality, and 200 do Laguayra at 12c on time, which is an improvement.

COPPER—Is very dull: we quote English Sheathing at 27c, and Yellow Metal at 22c ₰ lb, 6 months.

COTTON—During the past week there has been a good demand, both on speculation and for manufacturing, and with light supplies and a reduced stock, holders have been enabled to mark prices very full rates. Sales of 1000 bales Upland and New Orleans from 14½ to 17½c ₰ lb, cash and on time.

DRUGS AND DYES—The transactions have been limited. Among them were some lots of Soda Ash at 3a3½ cents. Bleaching Powders at 3½c; Cutch at 10c ₰ lb, and a cargo of Jamaica Logwood, before arrival, on terms not made public—supposed at 9-21-4 months.

FEATHERS—The demand has been quite limited. We quote Western at 34a35c ₰ lb.

FISH—There has been more inquiry for Mackerel, and prices are 25a50c higher. A sale of medium No. 3, from the wharf, at $14 ₰ bbl, which is an improvement; and a lot of new No. 2's at $16.50. Small lots sell from store at $14.5 a15. Of No. 2's the market is comparatively bare. No. 3's range from $10 to 11.25 for small and large. Prices of Codfish and Herring continue as last quoted.

FRUIT—The market is poorly supplied with all descriptions of Foreign: a cargo of Pine Apples has been re ing at $3a4 ₰ doz; 50 bags African Pea Nuts at $1.20a1.30, and some Sweet Potatoes at 60c. Dried Apples are in good essence—the prospect of a large crop of both was never more promising throughout Pennsylvania, New Jersey, and Delaware than at this time; a few lots of green Apples have arrived, but they are of undesirable quality.

GINSENG—Prices continue nominal for both Crude and Clarified, and there is no inquiry.

GUANO—The demand continues quite limited, and the only sales reported are small lots of Peruvian at $55a60 ₰ ton, cash.

HEMP—Continues very quiet, there being but little stock here to operate in.

HIDES—Are held very firmly, but no further sales have come under our notice. A cargo of 3000 bags Laguayra has arrived since our last notice.

HOPS—Prices are unchanged. The sales have been only in a small way at 34@35c ₰ lb for new crop Eastern and Western.

INDIGO—The demand has been limited, and prices are firm. Small sales of Bengal at $1.35a1.50 ₰ lb 6 months.

IRON—The market continues very dull, the demand being quite limited for all descriptions, and for Anthracite we reduce our quotations $1 ₰ ton. Small sales of No 1 at $26a27; No 2 at $25a25.50, and No 3 at $24a25.50, 6 months. Scotch Pig is selling in small lots from store at $33, 6 months. A sale of cold blast charcoal Wheel Iron was made at $42, 6 months. About 600 tons old Railroad Iron sold on terms kept secret. In Blooms and Boiler Iron no change.

LEAD—Is held firmly. A sale of 350 pigs Virginia at $6.45, on time, interest added. Considerable purchase of Foreign has been made in New York for this market at $6.25, cash.

LEATHER—There has been a good demand, and prices have an upward tendency for both Spanish Sole and Slaughter.

LUMBER—There is a moderate inquiry for most descriptions. Three cargoes of Laths were sold at $1.25a1.50 ₰ M; a cargo of Pickets on private terms; and a cargo of Carolina Flooring Boards at $15.50 ₰ M.

MOLASSES—Continues exceedingly quiet, and the only sales reported are 20 hhds Cuba Muscovado, and 700 bbls New York Syrup on terms not made public.

NAVAL STORES—The stock of all kinds is very much reduced. Small sales of Rosin from $1.80 up to $2 for Common and Fine. Tar in lots at $2.25a2.50 ₰ bbl. Spirits Turpentine has been in steady demand at a slight improvement in prices. Small sales at 46a48c cash and 4 months.

OILS—A sale of Olive Oil was made on terms kept private. There is but little demand for Lard Oil, and the sales have been only in small lots at $1.45a1.50, 4 months. Sales of Linseed Oil at 75@76c, cash and time. For Fish Oils there is a steady store demand, without change in prices. Red Oil is firm at 65c, cash, for city.

PLASTER—Continues dull. A cargo of Soft sold at $3 ₰ ton.

RICE—There has been a steady demand, and prices are firmer. Sales of 157 casks at 5.37½a5.5', 4 mos.

SALT—Supplies have been coming forward more freely. A cargo of 20,000 bush Nantz, in bulk, an import of 1800 sacks Ashton's Fine, and a cargo of Turk's Island sold on private terms.

SEEDS—Clover seed is scarce, but there is not much demand for it. Small sales from second hands at $7a7.62 ₰ 64 lbs. There has been rather more inquiry for Timothy, with sales at $4a4.25 ₰ bus. The market continues bare of Flaxseed, and it is wanted at $1.93a1.95 ₰ bus.

SPICES—There has been more inquiry for Nutmegs, with sales of No 1 at 75@77c, 6 mos, but for other descriptions the demand is limited.

SPIRITS—There has been a steady demand for Brandy at the following quotations:—Otard's, $4.55a5.25; Pinet, Castillon & Co, $4.65a5.25; Marrett & Co, $4.60a5; Hennessey, $4.65a5; Martel & Co, $4.65a5; P. Celeriet, (nine) $4.25; Bordeaux, $3.a3.75; Pellerman, &c, $3.75a4.25; A. Seignette, $3.75a4.25. Gin—Bolden's Wax, $1.20; Mahler's Swan, $1; Palm Tree, $1.10. Whiskey—The demand has been limited. Sales of barrels at 31@32c, and bbls at 34c; Dudgeon depressed, 25c.

SUGAR—There has been no essential change to notice in the market since our last report. The demand has been limited, but holders are firm in their demands. Sales of 300 hhds Cuba, pa.t for refining, at 8¾a8¾c, on time.

TALLOW—Is dull. We quote Country at 10c, and City at 11c ₰ lb, cash.

TEXAS—There has been a limited inquiry, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—There has been a steady demand for both Leaf and Manufactured, and prices are well maintained, especially for the latter, as prices of Leaf at Richmond, Va., have advanced, and some of the manufacturers there have determined to cease operations. A sale of 50 cases Pennsylvania Filler Seed Leaf on private terms.

WINES—No transactions worthy of notice has been reported.

WOOL—The receipts have somewhat increased, but there is no accumulation of stock, as the manufacturers have been purchasing freely. The sales comprise about 250,000 lbs at 35a37½c ₰ lb, 6 mos.

PHILADELPHIA RETAIL MARKETS.

CORRECTED WEEKLY BY
R. B. JONES, EXCHANGE HOTEL,
No. 77 Dock Street.

MEATS.

Beef.		Whole carcass	8 @ 9
Roasting rib, ₰ lb	12 @ 25	*Veal.*	
Sirloin steak	16 @ 20	Fore quarter ₰ lb	8
Rump do	12½ @ 16	Hind do	11
Chuck pieces	8 @ 12½	Chop	12½
Plates and navels		Cutlet	14
Corned	6 @ 10	Sweetbread, each	10
Tongues, fresh,	45 @ 55	*Pork.*	
Leg, cook,	31 @ 37½	Young Pigs	$1 75 @ 2 25
Shin	2½ @ 10	Salt and fresh lb	12 @ 14
Kidney	8 @ 12½	Feet, ₰ set	18½ @ 21c
Liver ₰ lb	6½	Tripe, ₰ lb	4 @ 6½
Dried Beef ₰ lb	20	Lard do	15 @ 16
Lamb.		Hams, smoked	12½ @ 13
Fore quarter	75 @ 87½	Bologna Sausage	16 @ 18
Hind do	1 00 @ 1 12½	Fresh Sausage, lb	10 @ 12½
Chop ₰ lb	9 @—	Puddings ₰ lb	10 @ 12
Calves Head, each	25 @ 31	Scrapple ₰ lb	6 @ 8
Mutton.		Spare Rib ₰ lb	10
Leg, Loin, Chp ₰ lb	8 @ 10	Tender Loin ₰ lb	16 @ 18
Breast and Neck	6½ @ 8	Hogshead Cheese lb	10
Young Lamb, whole	$5.00		

VEGETABLES.

Turnips bkt	31 @ 40	Corn potatoes bu	1 25 @1 40
do hf pk	— @ 12	do bkt	37½ @ 50
Beets bunch	4 @ 5	do hf pk	6 @ 12
Cabbage bbl	1 50 @ 2 00	Sweet potat'e bkt	87 @1 00
do hf d	3 @ 10	do pk	12 @ 20
Salad head	1 @ 5	Onions bus	— @2 00
Pickling bkt	31½ @ 37	Carrots doz	12
do hf pk	18¾ @ 25	Asparagus ₰ bunch	8 @ 10
Lima Beans qt	12½ @ 18	Rhubarb ₰ bunch	5 @ 6
Green Peas bus	62 @ 87	Green Mint ₰ bunch	3 @ 4

FRUIT.

Apples ₰ bkt	62½ @1 12½	Cranberries qt	10
do hf pk	12½ @ 25	Gooseberries ₰ qt	10 @12½
Raspberries ₰ box	10	Currants "	10 @12
		Watermelons	50 @75

POULTRY AND GAME.

Turkeys ₰ lb	10 @ 13	Chickens ₰ pair	87 @1 25
Turkeys each	1 75 @ 3 50	Sqb Pig'ns pr	25 @ 31c
Spring Chickens ₰ pair	31 @ 37	Wild Pig'ns doz	1 00 @1 12
		Frogs doz	25 @ 50

SHELLFISH.

Terrapin(South)ds	4 @ 6 00	Oysters, Absecom,	
do (Ches & Del)	6 00@ 8 00	₰ bkt	37 @ 50
Lobsters lb	8 @ 10	do ₰ M	4 00 @5 00
Clams M	2 00 @2 50	M Riv Cove M	3 00 @3 00
		N Y do ₰ bbl	10 00 @20 00

FISH.

| | |

AN ADVENTURE WITH A BUFFALO.

FROM MR. BAKER'S "RIFLE AND HOUND IN CEYLON."

Running round the borders of the creek as fast as I could, I arrived at the opposite side on his intended landing place, just as his black form reared from the deep water and gained the shallows, into which I had waded knee deep to meet him. I now experienced that pleasure as he stood sullenly eyeing me within fifteen paces. Poor, stupid fellow! I would willingly, in my ignorance, have betted ten to one upon the shot, so certain was I of his death in another instant.

I took a quick but steady aim at his chest, at the point of connection with the throat. The smoke of the barrel passed to one side;—there he stood—he had not flinched, he literally had not moved a muscle. The only change that had taken place was in his eye; this, which had hitherto been merely sullen, was now beaming with fury; but his form was as motionless as a statue. A stream of blood poured from a wound within an inch of the spot at which I had aimed; had it not been for this fact, I should not have believed him struck.

Annoyed at the failure of the shot, I tried him with the left-hand barrel at the same hole. The report of the gun echoed over the lake, but there he stood as though he bore a charmed life—an increased flow of blood from the wound, and additional lustre in his eye, were the only signs of his being struck.

I was now unloaded, and had not a single ball remaining. It was now his turn. I dared not turn to retreat, as I knew he would immediately charge, and we stared each other out of countenance.

With a short grunt he suddenly sprung forward, but fortunately, as I did not move, he halted; he had, however, decreased his distance, and we now gazed at each other within ten paces. I began to think buffalo shooting somewhat dangerous, and I would have given something to have been a mile away, but ten times much to have had my four-ounce rifle in my hand. Oh, how I longed for that rifle in this moment of suspense! Unloaded, without the power of defence, with the absolute certainty of a charge from an overpowering brute, my hand instinctively found the handle of my hunting knife, a useless weapon against such a foe.

Knowing that B. was not aware of my situation at the distance which separated us (about a mile), without taking my eyes from the figure before me, I raised my hand to my mouth and gave a long and loud whistle; this was a signal that I knew would be soon answered if heard.

With a stealthy step, and another short grunt, the bull again advanced a couple of paces towards me. He seemed aware of my helplessness, and he was the picture of rage and fury, pawing the water, and stamping violently with his fore feet.

This was very pleasant! I gave myself up for lost, but putting as fierce an expression into my features as I could possibly assume, I stared hopelessly at my maddened antagonist.

Suddenly a bright thought flashed through my mind. Without taking my eyes off the animal before me, I put a double charge of powder down the right-hand barrel, and tearing off a piece of my shirt, I took all the money from my pouch, three shillings in six-penny pieces, and two anna pieces, which I luckily had with me in this small coin for paying coolies. Quickly making them into a rouleau with the piece of rag, I rammed them down the barrel, and they were hardly well home before the bull again sprang forward. So quick was it that I d no time to replace the ramrod, and I threw in the water, bringing my gun on the full ck in the same instant. However, he again lted, being now within about seven paces m me, and we again gazed fixedly at each er, but with altered feelings on my part. I faced him hopelessly with an empty gun more than a quarter of an hour, which seemed a century. I now had a charge in my , which I knew if reserved till he was within a foot of the muzzle would certainly oor him, and I waited his onset with com sitive carelessness, still keeping my eyes opposed to his gaze.

At the moment I heard a splashing in the ater behind me, accompanied by the hard breathing of something evidently distressed. The next moment I heard B 's voice. He could hardly speak for want of breath, having run the whole way to my rescue, but I could understand that he had only one barrel loaded and no bullets left. I dared not turn my face from the buffalo, but I cautioned B. to reserve his fire till the bull should be close into me, and then to aim at the head.

The words were hardly uttered, when, with the concentrated rage of the last twenty minutes, he rushed straight at me. It was the work of an instant. B. fired without effect. The horns were lowered, their points were on ither side of me, and the muzzle of the gun ely touched his forehead when I pulled the igger, and three shillings' worth of small ange rattled into his hard head. Down he went, and rolled over with the suddenly check- momentum of his charge. Away went B and as fast as our heels would carry us, through the water and over the plain, knowing that he was not dead but only stunned.

How to Put Down an Obnoxious Fashion.—A curious trick has just been played off at rlin, in order to bring into disrepute a enormous slouched riding hat, which is now in vogue among the fair fashionables of the russian capital. A few days since at the ual hour for walking on the frequented promenade of the Tilleuls, a rag gatherer with her asket at her back, was observed walking up nd down, with her head covered with one of hose appendages. An inquiry was entered into y the police, when it was ascertained that o gentlemen meeting the woman, had taken r into a shop and furnished her with the hat the expense of thirty-seven francs, and given r a crown piece to go and walk with it among fashionables, which the woman readily consented to do.

☞ An old Chinese writer says the soul of a el passes into the body of a grasshopper at 4th, from the fact of the latter singing until harvest.

ADVANTAGES OF TEMPERANCE.

Solomon tells us that the glutton shall come to poverty; warns us to be not among riotous eaters of flesh, and even bids us put a knife to our throats if we be men given to appetite. Is there no less desperate remedy?

Lord Byron once told a companion that if some demi-god would dictate to us just how much we ought to eat, it would put an end to half the miseries of the race.

Jonathan Edwards we see noting in his diary: "I find that I cannot be convinced, in the time of eating, that to eat more would be to exceed the bounds of temperance, though I have had two years' experience of the like, and yet three minutes after I have done, I am convinced of it. But yet again I overeat, thinking I shall be somewhat faint if I leave off then; but when I have finished, I am convinced again of excess, and so it is from time to time. I have observed that more really seems to be truth, when it is according to my inclination, than when otherwise."

Jefferson says that "no man ever repents eating too little."

Sir Isaac Newton often dined on a penny's worth of bread.

Abernethy cured his indigestion and regained his flesh by "going into the country, where he could get good milk and eggs, and living upon three ounces of baked custard three times a day, with no drink but ginger-water. On this quantity of food he regained his flesh and uniformly got better."

Marion and his men waxed strong and valiant with no food but sweet potatoes, no drink but water and no shelter but the sky.

"Besides brown bread, the Greek boatmen subsist almost solely on their native fruits, figs, grapes and raisins. They are the most nimble, active, graceful, cheerful, and even merry people in the world."

Grant Thorburn attributes his cheerful old age to the fact that he "never eats enough," and thousands of his countrymen are wearing out their bodies not so much by the excess of business or the multiplicity of cares, as by the overwork they crowd upon them in digesting surplus and unnecessary food.

To Restore Writing.—Many documents that have been written with bad ink after a certain time fade, especially if they have been kept in a damp place, or if the paper has been overbleached in its manufacture. Sometimes ship letters get wetted with sea water, and many other causes obliterate writing that is of much value. In nearly all instances such writing may be restored, or at least rendered legible, by brushing over the half distinct lines with a solution of prussiate of potassa with a camel's hair pencil. The solution may be made by dissolving about half a teaspoonful of prussiate of potassa in a tablespoonful of boiling water. For certain chemical reasons this does not answer in all cases, and when it fails we may use the following with good hopes of success: First, a strong infusion of tea, made with a teaspoonful of black tea in half a cup of boiling water; or, secondly, a solution of carbonate of soda made in the same manner; or, thirdly, a quarter of an ounce of protosulphate of iron (green vitriol) in a like quantity of water. A last resource is a solution of sulphuret of potassium (liver of potash) of about the same strength as the preceding solutions. In trying to restore writing, we ought to begin with only one or two words, because if the first solution does not answer, we then have an opportunity of trying the others successively, until we discover which answers best; but as a general rule, it may be relied on that the first named is the most likely. These trials are equally adapted for writing upon parchment as upon any other material.

RAILWAYS.

No poetry in railways! foolish thought
Of a dull brain, to no fine music wrought,
Salute, ye earnest spirits of our time,
The young improvement ripening to her prime,
Who, in the fulness of her genial youth,
Prepares the way for liberty and truth,
And breaks the barriers that, since earth began,
Have made mankind the enemy of man.
—*Charles Mackay.*

☞ Truth.—Truth is the most powerful thing in the world, since every fiction itself must be governed by, and can only please by its resemblance. The appearance of reality is necessary to make any passion agreeably represented, and to be able to move others we must be moved ourselves, or at least, seem to be so, upon some probable grounds.

☞ Why is law like an eel-trap? Because it is very easy to get into, but very difficult to get out of.

☞ Rebuff for a Lawyer.—A knavish attorney, asking a very worthy gentleman what was honesty, "What is that to you?" said he; "meddle with those things that concern you."

☞ A horse-dealer was asked if an animal which he offered for sale was timid. "Not at all," said he; "he often passes many nights by himself in the stable."

☞ Matrimonial Memorandum.—A gentleman who did not trust to his memory, wrote in his memorandum book—"Must be married when I get to town."

☞ Conscience.—Conscience is a great ledger-book to which all our offences are written and registered, and which time reveals to the sense and feeling of the offender.—*Burton.*

☞ Comfort for the Calumniated.—The fairest complexions get freckled the soonest.—*Punch.*

The Pearl Discoveries.—The value and extent of the pearl discoveries in different parts of the country have been greatly exaggerated. The excited imaginations of some and the mischievous propensity of others have alike served to produce stories with which the pearls themselves afford no comparison. Although pearls have been found most plentifully in New Jersey, it is calculated by one well qualified to judge that the total value of the discoveries does not exceed $6,000. Yet as many as one thousand men have been employed at one time in searching for pearls, and at length the muscles have been well nigh exterminated. This last result is not at all strange when it is considered what a relentless warfare has been kept up against this unfortunate olivalve. One man who offered some pearls for sale the other day remarked that he opened two thousand without finding a pearl. Taking all that have yet been discovered it is probable that four times their value has been expended in the search. Some very good pearls have been found in this State; also in Massachusetts and in some of the small streams in the Valley of Connecticut. A number have been received here from Ohio; and it is likely they exist to some extent wherever the blue, fresh-water muscle is found. It has been observed that the smaller and least attractive of the muscle tribe, such as appear to have had rough usage or been broken are most like to contain the bright, silvery, translucent substance so much sought for. The genuineness of the article is unquestioned.—*New York Journal of Commerce.*

NEWS ITEMS.

The Justice of Law.—During the late debate in the British Parliament on the Divorce Bill, Lord Brougham produced letters which prove beyond question that the charge against Hon. Mrs Norton, which gave rise some years since to a trial in which Lord Melbourne was defendant, was utterly false and unfounded; yet—Lord Brougham says—the action was tried behind the lady's back, and but for the exertions of the defendant's counsel, her character might have been ruined for life—she being all the while perfectly innocent.

Strange Phenomenon in Breeding.—We are informed, says the Virginia Sentinel, that a cow, belonging to Mr. Campbell, of Amherst Co., died a few days since, in whose womb was discovered *one hundred and two* young calves. One of them was fully developed—but the others, though perfectly shaped, were about the size of rats. This is a remarkable instance—but we are informed, on authority which we cannot discredit, that it is strictly and literally true.

How to Put Down Stock Gambling.—The British Parliament, in a recent act, has provided that the loss of more than £30 in one day by gaming, or than £200 in the year preceding insolvency, shall bar a bankrupt's title to obtain his certificate. The offence brings the culprit within the scope of penal clauses, and is punished at the discretion of the Commissioner, in the same manner as the perpetration of fraud, reckless trading, or any other mercantile misdemeanor.

Mr. Holroyd, one of the Commissioners of Bankruptcy, has extended the rule to time bargains in stock.

One of the Boys.—It is related of R. H. Pindon, of the Port Gibson Reveille, that he is but 10 years old, has edited a paper four years, has been engaged a dozen times, at least, without marrying, and above all, fought a duel with the editor of the Natchez Free Trader, receiving a wound in the arm, after which he returned to his desk and went on writing as if nothing had happened.

Death of Prof. Mitchell.—The body of Prof Mitchell, the State Geologist of North Carolina, was recently found on a fork of the Caney river, among the Black Mountains in that State. It seems that he was walking on the edge of a precipice, when his feet slipped; he caught at a branch of laurel, but it broke, and he fell forty feet, and was killed.

Taking Out an Eye to Mend It.—The Leipsic Journal of Literature, Science and Art, publishes an account of the wonderful discoveries of Dr. Graefe in diseases of the eye, and the wonderful cures he performs. He has found the ball of the eye to be transparent, and by a curious instrument examines minutely the interior, takes it out, and performs any necessary surgical operation, and then replaces it without injury to its appearance or vision

A New Magazine.—Messrs. Phillips, Sampson & Co., of Boston, will shortly start a new magazine, called the Northern Magazine, to be edited by the best writers in the country.

Suicide of a Horse.—The Washington Star chronicles a singular act on the part of a horse, in the following words:

"A few evenings since, a middle-aged horse, of respectable appearance, walked deliberately over the river bank down a perpendicular descent of twenty-five feet, and, after performing this remarkable feat, walked across a schooner moored at one of the wharves, deliberately walked overboard, swam a considerable distance, and then sank, to be food for the fishes. The motive for this extraordinary suicide, was locked up in the breast of this poor beast, and perished with him. Whether he was crossed in love, or was laboring under morbid forebodings in view of the coming hay crop, we know not. We only know he perished by his own hands, or rather his own hoofs. Poor fellow! a sad warning to all horses of the danger of giving way to misanthropical feelings."

Pearls in Pennsylvania.—At a recent meeting of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, the Librarian remarked that the subject of pearl fishing had, of late, excited no considerable a share of the public attention, that he was induced to bring to the notice of the Society the fact that the matter was long since known in this State, and that it would seem to have been unprofitable, as all knowledge of it on the part of the people appeared to be lost. He then read the following extract from the—

"Incidents of Travel Through some of the Middle and Southern United States, to East Florida and the Bahama Islands, 1783 and 1784, by Dr. John Schopf, Bayreuth, 1788"

"In the Lehigh and its tributary creeks are found muscles (a thin-shelled Mytulus, similar to those that inhabit our ponds in Europe), which occasionally contain tolerably large and pure pearls. A man from the neighborhood lately sold as many as an ounce of these in Philadelphia. The muskrats, I am told, lighten the toil of the pearl-fisher. The creatures are lovers of the soft inhabitants of the shell, and generally feast on it in a quiet spot of the stream, on the rocks that project above the water, or on the sand, rejecting the pearls they chance to find within. Persons observing this habit, availed themselves of it in the prosecution of their fisheries, and an diligently removing the sand at such spots, were rewarded with many and nicely extracted pearls."

Medical Spiritualism.—In a late number of the Boston Medical and Surgical Journal, there is a very interesting paper by Dr Walter Channing on Medical Spiritualism, in which the writer records a notable instance of the attainments of "medical mediums," one of whose exhibitions he attended. The medical medium had in consultation three distinguished doctors whom he had called from the spirit sphere. A few questions put to the medium as to what he saw in the organism of the patient, effectually exposed his utter ignorance of anatomy and the little aid the spirits afforded him in making up the deficiency. After some further conversation, the medium was requested to ask Dr. ——, one of the medical ghosts in consultation, what he thought of the "hour-glass contraction"—a very dangerous condition sometimes induced after child birth, but not, by its name, suggesting to an unprofessional person any idea of its real character. The medium pondered some time upon the question, in order, apparently, to make sure of the departed doctor's present opinion, and then said: "Dr. —— thinks hour-glass contractions a very good thing, and should certainly recommend it."

Foreign News.—The latest European news says that the revolutionary movements in Naples continue. A party of insurgents had seized a steamer, and liberated three hundred prisoners, but the steamer was subsequently captured by a government vessel. General Cavaignac has been officially announced as an opposition candidate again in Paris. The French troops have gained more victories in Kabylia, and it was said had possession of the whole country. Lady Franklin's ship Fox has sailed from Aberdeen on a new voyage in search of the lost navigator in the Arctic regions. The steamship Great Eastern will be launched in September next, but will not proceed to Portland until April next. Her total cost will amount to nearly £600,000. An Italian conspiracy to assassinate the Emperor Napoleon was more serious than at first supposed. Twenty-one additional conspirators have been arrested at Genoa, who proposed to proclaim a republic there. A revolutionary movement at Leghorn has been suppressed.

Color Blindness.—This disease may be superinduced on healthy eyes. Captain C—— was accustomed to employ his leisure hours on board the ship at embroidery. On one occasion, anxious to complete a flower before night, he continued his work after the light had become dim. While straining his eyes, the colors before him underwent a sudden change. The red he could no longer see. He has never seen it since. He confounds red with green; sees but two colors in a solar spectrum, and mistakes a sovereign for a shilling. This case ought to be a warning to all young ladies who are tempted to push the manipulations of the embroiderer into the shades of evening.

Second Hand Quotations.—The phrase, "comparisons are odorous," erroneously assigned to Mrs Malaprop, in Dogberry's, and occurs in the 6th scene of the 3rd act of "Much Ado About Nothing." Mrs. Malaprop's words on the same subject are, "No comparisons, if you please, miss. Comparisons don't become a young woman."

Those Eccentric Englishmen.—The bulletin for curiosities of the Cologne Gazette contained lately the capricious offer of an English gentleman to a Carlsruhe orphan boy to pay him £10,000 sterling on his furnishing him, within a running year, one million used post stamps. The Englishman wants the cancelled stamps for the purpose of papering one of his rooms, and all the ladies here are anxiously collecting for the orphan child. If any Americans are desirous to participate in this benevolent collection, they are informed that the Cologne Gazette receives them until October next.—*N. Y. Mirror.*

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

May be obtained weekly at the Periodical Depots of DEXTER & BROTHER, Nos. 14 and 16 Ann St., N. Y.
ROSS & TOUSEY, No. 121 Nassau St., New York.
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S. B. ROSS, Cedarville, Ohio.
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Periodical dealers generally throughout the United States have it for sale.

THE STOCK MARKET.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY S. McHENRY, STOCK AND BILL BROKER, No. 233 Walnut Street.

The following were the cosing quotations for Stocks on Saturday last. The market closing steady.

LOANS.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6 pr ct			
" "	'62	109	—
" "	'67	114½	—
" "	'68	114¾	—
" 5 "	'85	100	—
Phila 6 pr ct		99½	100
" " new		95	95½
" 5 " new		90	—
Cam City 6 pr ct		90	95
Phila 6 pr ct		93	93
" " coupon		74½	75
Allegheny city 6 pr ct		62½	63
" " county "		60	65½
Alle co RR 6's		80	85
Penn " 5 "		84½	85
" " coupon		82	90
Tenn 6 pr ct		90	95
" 5 " coupon		76½	77
Kentucky 6 pr ct		101	102½
Penn RR 6 pr ct		94½	96
2d m'rt sealed		85	85½
C & Am RR 6 pr ct		70	75
P G & N RR "		92	93½
Reading RR "		78	79
" " m'rt "		89	90
H & Lan RR "		87	88
Cha Val RR "		85	90
Tioga RR "		70	75
Phil Wil & Bal " 60 RR 6 pr ct		85	85½
Long I RR "		60½	77
Sch Nav '82 "		64½	64½
Lehigh Nav "		92	92½
Mort "		91	93½
C & D C "		68½	70
Sus & Tid '70 "		75	77
Union Canal		57	60
Will'ms & Elmira 1st m'rt 7 pr ct		74	74½
2d " 7 pr ct		65	65½
Catawissa "		57½	58
North Penna 6 pr ct		55½	58½
RAILROAD STOCK.			
Cam & Amboy		102	103
Penna		47½	47½
Bea Meadow		54½	54½
North Penna		11½	11½
Phil Ger & Nor		57½	60
Reading		36½	38½
Minehill		63	64
Har & Lan		53½	54
Chester Val		4½	5
Tioga		10	—
" preferred		25	—
P W & Balt		21½	21½
Long Island		11½	12
Will'sport & Elmira		18	20
Cattawissa		12	12½
CANAL STOCKS.			
Sch Nav		13	15
" preferred		23½	23½
Lehigh Nav		61½	61½
Morris consolidated		53½	53½
" preferred		97	100
C & Del		69	70
Union		10½	10½
Sus & Tidewater		7	8
BANK STOCKS.			
North Amer		149	150
Penna		110½	112
Phila		121	125
Far & Mec		65½	66
Commercial		52	53
Kensington		47	48
Mechanic		20	20½
Southwark		80	82
P Township		53½	55
Kensington		69	70
Girard		11½	11½
Western		67	67½
Man & Mech		28	28
Commerce		66	66
Tradesman's		65	—
City		56	61
Consolidation		28	29
Pittsburg		57	—
M & M Pitts		60	—
Ex'ge Pitts		57	—
Kentucky		108	110
Northern, Ky		114	120
Louisville, Ky.		142	144
Farmers, Ky.		102	105
Union, Nash Tenn		93	95
Plant's, Tenn.		101	103
Com & R Vicksburg		74	8
N O Canal		30	31

A Touching Sentiment.—Whatsoever precious offering can be laid upon the altar of a man's heart than the first bloom of a pure, earnest and affectionate girl, with an undivided interest in eight corner lots and three story factory houses? And how can a sensible man so well gratify a female thus encumbered, as by wearing becoming garments procured at the Brown Stone Clothing Hall of Rockhill & Wilson, Nos. 603 and 605 Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philada.

The Best and Only Remedy for Chronic Diarrhœa, is HOOFLAND'S GERMAN BITTERS.

Dr C. M. Jackson, Dear Sir—I feel bound to express my gratification to you for the incalculable benefit I have derived from the use of two bottles of your Hoofland's German Bitters. I have for the last two years been afflicted with debility of the system and sluggishness in my liver, with frequent headache and dimness of sight. Last summer I had a severe attack of Diarrhœa; it continued, with occasional intervals excepted, until the middle of February; at that time I commenced using your Bitters, and have used but two bottles, and am entirely well, having gained in the three last weeks eight pounds in weight. I would also say that I have been trying many remedies before yours, and they failed to affect my disease beneficially.

I am dear sir, truly yours,
R. PIDGEON, No. 421 S. 4th St., Philada., Pa.

These Bitters are for sale at 50 cents per bottle by all Druggists in the United States and Canadas. Also, by storekeepers and Patent Medicine dealers.

A Favorite Remedy.—We believe no medicine has ever given stronger proof of its efficacy than the Oxygenated Bitters. In cases of Dyspepsia and General Debility, restoring health and cheerfulness, when all other remedies have failed.

☞ Employment for the Year.—Persons out of employment may find that which is both profitable and pleasant by addressing ROBERT SEARS, Publisher, 181 William Street, New York. nov29-tf

Root Gallery.—Sun-lit Crayons, a new wonder, superior to Ambrotypes, taken by Cook only, corner of Fifth and Chestnut Street, Philadelphia. oct1 tf

To Nervous Sufferers.—A retired clergyman, restored to health in a few days, after many years of a severe nervous suffering, is anxious to make known the means of cure. Will send (free) the prescription used. Direct the Rev. John M. Dagnal, No. 39 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y. tf

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 4th of March, 1857, in Breckenridge county, Ky. by the Rev Jas. Taylor, Mr. Daniel Vickers, of McLean county, Ky. to Miss Sallie T. Board, of Breckenridge county, Ky.

On the 1st of March, in McLean county, Ky. by the Rev. Frederick Tanner, Mr. Marcus L. Board, of Breckenridge county, Ky. to Miss Amerika Vickers, of McLean county, Ky.

On the 4th of July, 1857, by the Rev. Jas. Bennett, Mr. James Robinson, of Muhlenburg county, Ky. to Miss Hettie J. Hawes, of Breckenridge county, Ky.

On the 4th instant, by the Rev. John O'Neil, Mr. Maurice O'Neil, to Miss Caroline F. Milton, both of Lower Merion, Mont. county, Pa.

On the 7th instant, by the Rev. Edgar M. Levy, Mr. Thomas Kennedy, to Miss Martha S. Grendell, both of this city.

On the 2d instant, by the Rev. Samuel Durborow, Mr. Thomas Winn, to Miss Catharine Whitehead, both of this city.

On the 25th ultimo, by the Rev. W. J. Mann, D. D., Rev. B. W. Schmuck, of Lancaster city, to Miss Wilhelmina C. Hengel, of Philadelphia.

On the 24th ultimo, by the Rev. Joseph H. Kennard, Mr. Thomas Kilpatrick, to Josephine Little, both of this city.

On the 26th ultimo, by the Rev. T. A. Fernley, Mr. William H. Myers, to Miss Maria C. Cole, both of Philadelphia.

On the 13th of Sept. by the Rev. John A. Roche, Mr. George Shinn, to Miss Kate Hess, both of this city.

On the 8th instant by the Rev. And ew Manship, Mr. Edward Peters, to Miss Alice G. Cronin, both of this city.

On the 8th instant, by the Rev. C. R. Bonnell, Mr. John Scully, to Miss Elizabeth Andrews, both of Philadelphia.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by responsible name.

Correction.—Mr. Jefferson Birch, of Morristown, Ohio, writes to us saying that the communication published in our paper of July 11th over the signature of Samuel R. Klotts, respecting the death in Cali ornia of his father, Mr. Thomas Birch, and of two other gentlemen, is totally false and without foundation. Mr. T. Birch is still living, and the other persons are not known to have existed. Mr. Samuel R. Klotts, over whose signature the original communication was published, also writes to us, stigmatizing it as a forgery.

On the 15th instant, at the residence of his son, Gen. P. Evans, at Crescentville, near this city, David R. Evans, in the 63d year of his age.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Mary Burns, aged 63 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Christianna Roberts, aged 89 years.

On the 14th instant, Ann Heller, aged 94 years.

On the 13th instant, Mr. James Neal, aged 45 years.

On the 14th instant Mrs. Cornelia Engelman.

On the 14th instant, Thomas J. Aff, aged 35 years.

On the 14th instant, Joseph Harbison, aged 36 years.

At Red Bank, on the 12th instant, Robert Berwell, aged 54 years.

On the 13th instant, Jesse Dool, aged 56 years.

On the 14th instant, Sophia Helena, wife of Saml. L. Burness, aged 29 years.

On the 12th instant, Miss Amanda Ireland, aged 18 years.

On the 12th instant, John Bell, aged 28 years.

On the 12th instant, Mr. Henj. F. Wood, aged 27.

On the 13th instant, Mrs. Mary A. Oliver, formerly Mrs. Baker, aged 21 years.

On the 12th instant, Mrs. Anna E. Mason, wife of T. L. Coward, aged 25 years.

On the 8th instant, Caroline M. wife of the late Wm. Tenny, aged 43 years.

On the 10th instant, Mrs Jane Styan, aged 46 years.

On the 10th instant, Robert Wasson, aged 67 years.

On the 10th instant, William Taylor.

On the 20th instant, Mary Anna, daughter of Edward Crossdale, aged 19 years.

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BANK NOTE LIST.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, By WITHERS & PETERSON, BANKERS, *No. 28 South Third Street.*

PHILADELPHIA, July 18, 1857.

Pennsylvania.		**Virginia.**	
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	Solv bks	¼ to ½ dis
Relief notes	¼ dis	Bk of Kanawha	10 dis
Lancaster bk	50 dis	Corp'n Alexandria	2 dis
Erie City bk	35 dis	**North Carolina.**	
Bk of Newcastle	35 dis	Solv bks	¾ to 1½ dis
New Jersey.		Small notes	2 dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**Georgia.**	
Mech bk Bridgeton	30 dis	Gold bks	¼ dis
Wheat G owr's bk Newton	30 dis	New bks	2 to 5 dis
Commercial Bk. Perth Amboy,	failed	Bk Columbus	no sale
Delaware.		Bk of Milledgville	no sale
Solvent bks	par	Man & Mech bk Columbus	no sale
Under 5's	¼ dis	Planters' and Mech's bk, Dalton	no sale
Maryland.		**South Carolina.**	
Valley bk Hagerstown	no sale	Solv bks	¼ dis
Solvent bks	par to ¼ dis	**Alabama.**	
Far & Mec bk Mont co	1 dis	Bk of Mobile	1½ dis
District of Columbia.		Other solv bks	¾ dis
Exchanges bk	30 dis	**Mississippi.**	
Solv bks	¼ dis	All bks	uncertain
New York.		**Louisiana.**	
Solv bks	par to ½ dis	Solv bks	½ dis
8th Avenue bk	2 dis	**Ohio.**	
Knickerbocker bk	½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Far bk Grandaga	25 dis	Bk of Circleville	50 dis
Mer & Man bk Owego	50 dis	Canal bk	2 dis
Ex bk Buffalo	30 dis	**Kentucky.**	
Empire City bk	1½ dis	Solv bks	1 dis
Centre bk	1½ dis	**Indiana.**	
Champlain bk	no sale	New solvent bks	2 dis
Maine.		State bk	1 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Shawnee bk, Attica,	no sale
Bk of Hallowell	2½ dis	Gramercy bk, Lafayette	"
Ellsworth bk	60 dis	Other bks	5 to 10 dis
Maritime bk Bangor	15 dis	**Illinois.**	
Canton bk South China	no sale	Peoples bk, Carmi,	20 dis
Exchanges bk	no sale	Rushville bk, Rushville,	20 dis
Hancock bk	25 dis	Solvent bks	2½ dis
New Hampshire.		Stock Security bk	30 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Missouri.**	
Lancaster bk	closed	Solv bks	1 dis
Exeter bk	failed	**Tennessee.**	
Vermont.		Bk of East Tenn	no sale
Solv bks	¼ dis	River Bank	no sale
South Royalton bk	no sale	Solv bks	2 dis
Connecticut.		Small notes	2½ dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	Central bk	no sale
Massachusetts.		New bks	3 to 5 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Michigan.**	
Rhode Island.		Solv bks	2 dis
Solv bks	¼ dis	**Arkansas.**	
Bk Republ Providence	70 dis	All bks	no sale
Canada.		**Wisconsin.**	
Solv bks	1½ dis	Solv bks	2 dis
Zimmerman	no sale	**Texas.**	
		Commercial & Agricultural bk Galveston	4 dis

NEWSPAPER CORRESPONDENCE.

"JUNIOR'S FRIEND" is a Monthly Journal devoted to original contributions from subscribers on any subject best suiting their fancy. The object is to develope the literary faculties of Young America.

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N. B.—A mutual correspondence column is devoted to the subscribers, on the plan of the old Empire City. it

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To those afflicted with Deafness I would state that I have been deaf since I was one year old, and could never hear ordinary conversation. Eighteen months since, I was induced to call on Dr. Boardman, and from the first operation was so much benefitted that I purchased his remedies and negatives, and have used them thoroughly, and at this time I am happy to say my hearing is quite restored.

EDWARD W. HAMMETT.
Chilmark, Mass., May 14, 1857. 1y25-4t

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A NY PERSON SENDING ME ONE DOLLAR will receive by return mail Five Valuable Receipts, viz.: To Make Honey Equal to that of Bees, at cost of over 50 cts. per gal. To Cure Bots in Horses. The Secret Art of Catching Fish in three different ways. To Keep Flies off Horses in warm weather. To Make Leather Varnish, and To Make a Durable Ink for 15 cts. per gal.

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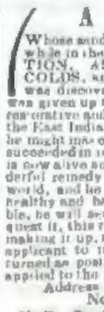

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both in this country and in Europe. It is worn by 1,200 persons, and with most astonishing success. In competition with thirty other substitutes of the best French, English and German manufacture, it received the award of the *Great Medal* at the *World's Exhibition in London*, as the *best artificial limb in use*. In this country it has been thirty times exhibited in competition with all others at the Annual Fairs in the principal cities, and has, in every instance, received the award of the *highest* or *first premium*. And as a crowning honor, by the unanimous approval of an international council, the "First Premium"—only Silver Medal given for Limbs—was awarded the inventor at the New York Crystal Palace.

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Wit and Humor.

TROUBLES OF AN INSPECTOR AT AN EAST INDIAN SCHOOL.

The inspector enters; all the boys rise, put their right hand to their forehead, and shout, "Salaam, sahib!" The teacher, an olive complexioned man, with smooth, shining black hair, with a curling moustache, with a bristling beard, with a white robe, buttoned on the left hand side, comes forward, and makes the nearest approach to Eastern prostration which his Western superior will allow. The English inspector returns the salute of the boys, and disposes of that of the teacher with an action rather than a word, the action implying partly, "I am very much obliged to you for your civility," partly, "Stand up; I also am a man." The salutations are over; business commences. Let us adopt the dramatic notation, and endeavor thus to exhibit what follows:—

Inspector—Mulvjit, let me see the register of attendance.

Karim Cuksh, teacher of the school—Sahib, it is here.

Inspector—I see you have 100 boys in daily attendance; that is very good.

Teacher—This number is entirely to be attributed to your good fortune and your personal excellence.

Inspector—I shall now call over the names. No boy is to speak whose name is not called. Let each boy as he is called answer, "Here."

Omnes—Yes, sir—"Here."

Inspector—Silence! no boy to speak whose name is not called.

Omnes—(each to his neighbor)—You are not to speak till your name is called.

Inspector—Silence!

The first five boys answer to their names; the sixth is absent.

Inspector calls his name.

"Shir Singh!"

Several voices—Shir Singh is ill.

Inspector—Silence! Did I not tell you that only the boy whose name is called is to speak? If a boy is absent, let me know it by his silence. Nobody is to answer for him. I shall begin again.

Inspector calls over the first five names with the same success as formerly. He approaches that Rubicon, Shir Singh.

"Now, take care, no one is to answer. Shir Singh!"

Small boy—Shir Singh is ill.

Inspector—Who said that?

Omnes—Please, sir, Ramlall.

Inspector reads Ramlall a serious lecture. He impresses the duty of silence, and emphatically demands that no boy shall speak till he is spoken to. Before he has finished, the two neighbors of the culprit turn round and enforce the inspector's remarks by desiring Ramlall to hold his tongue.

"Why does he interrupt when the sahib is speaking?"

Inspector turns round to the fresh interrupters, and upbraids them.

"Yes, but you are committing the same fault; why do you talk without orders? All are to be quiet till they are told to speak."

Chorus of many voices, each boy addressing his neighbor.

"Be quiet; why do you speak without orders?"

Inspector despairs. He struggles through the roll call as he may, and feels that he is met at the outset by the first great Asiatic difficulty—incontinence of speech.

NEGRO WIT.—Judge Burke, of South Carolina, rode on horseback from circuit to circuit, accompanied by a servant, who was directed to keep close behind him, while he meditated as pleased himself by the way. Jogging along in this way, on one occasion, the servant pressed up too near to the horse which he rode, and which happened to be an ill-natured brute, and the consequence was that the horse kicked the negro on the leg, who, observing that it had not interrupted his master's study, sprang off his horse, and picking up a stone, threw it at the horse, which it unluckily missed and took effect between the Judge's shoulders. The instant the negro saw what had been done, he fell in the road with his hands clasped around his leg, and crying out in apparent agony; as soon as the Judge could straighten himself, he turned around and said to the prostrate negro,

"Stephen, child, what ails you?"

"Lord, master," was the reply, "your horse just now kicked me on the leg, and almost broke it."

"Well, child," said the Judge, "he just now kicked me between the shoulders, and almost broke my back, too."

GOING IN FOR RADICAL MEASURES.—Mr. Edward Paine, at the time of the Boston massacre, March 5, 1770, occupied the house, afterwards the residence of his son, William, on the south side of King street. Standing before his door when the soldiers fired, a ball struck him, on the after part of his thigh. Clapping his hand upon the spot, he went into his parlor. Mrs. Paine seeing the blood, falling upon his stocking, exclaimed,

"Gracious heaven, my dear, you are wounded!"

"I know it, Mrs. Paine," he replied, "and those soldiers *deserve to be talked to.*"—*Boston Transcript.*

"IMPIETY" OF SCIENCE.—Mr. Crosse, of Taunton, was once showing his electrical machinery, and displaying two Leyden jars, remarking that he could feed them with electric fluid at any time when the state of the atmosphere was favorable; whereupon a grave old gentleman said, very solemnly,—"Mr. Crosse, don't you think it is rather impious to bottle the lightning?" "Let me answer your question by asking another," replied Mr. Crosse, laughing: "Don't you think, sir, it might be considered rather impious to bottle the rain-water?"—*English Paper.*

JERROLD'S WIT.—Herraud was the author of a dull poem, entitled "The Descent Into Hell." "Have you read my 'Descent Into Hell,' Mr. Jerrold?" he asked, one day. Jerrold's reply was as severe as Talleyrand's "Already!" to a friend who said he was suffering the torments of the damned: "I would rather see it, Mr. Herraud."

MR. PODGERS' IDEA OF THE TARIFF.—We remember a story that was told about the people of a certain village, who assembled to see the first locomotive pass by on the rails. Not one of them had the slightest idea what sort of an animal it was, and they were busy with all kinds of conjectures. A smoking and roaring monster was seen in the distance, with an uncountably long tail behind it. Nobody supposed this to be a travelling invention, and, as it approached, the good people were confounded and desperately puzzled. Fortunately, there was a "John Podgers" in the village, and he was called on to explain it. John wiped his glasses, and looked over his nose with a profound, all-knowing gaze. After due observation, "Oh!" said he, "yes; that's it at last, gentlemen; that is the thing that has kept the Congress of the United States in such a squabble for the last three months. That is *the tariff!*"—*N. Y. Post.*

Agricultural.

LARGE-BODIED HORSES.

BY HARRY HIEOVER.

Whenever I venture an opinion on any subject, I neither do so as considering it incontrovertibly right, or presuming to think others will hold it as such; in fact, it will be admitted I at all times candidly state what I conceive may be brought forward antagonistical to my view of the case. My readers can thus draw their own conclusions from what is said on either side.

In the spirit of such feeling of what is fair and proper, I will state certain opinions that are quite at variance with my own; but at the same time I must, in justice to myself, premise they were opinions current before I was born, and refuted and shown to be fallacious very soon afterwards. There were scores of low sayings among grooms and such persons, showing the favorable opinions entertained by them in favor of horses carrying large carcasses—and in sooth such opinions were also entertained by many who, had they exercised their reasoning power, would have seen how erroneous such predilection was. "I like a horse that gives me something to kick against." "He's the right sort—he carries his bread and cheese cupboard with him." "I like a horse that, if you feed him well, brings some of it home again." Sundry such sayings seemed to imply that people wished a horse to carry a store of food in his stomach, as the camel does water—which, though a great advantage to the animal, and sometimes even to his master if crossing the Desert of Bilma, would be anything but a desirable attribute in a horse crossing Ashby pastures.

How far this said carrying "his bread and cheese" with him, as a store, might serve a horse when hunters, like day-laborers, began their work at six in the morning and finished at six at night, or when, at all events, nine hours was but an average time for a day's fox-hunting, I am not prepared to say; surely if ever—thank the sylvan deities!—having taxed my horse's powers of endurance, or my own patience, to such extent. Many persons have of course heard of hounds being at the covert-side by daybreak, and, from what they judge of the time occupied in killing a fox who flies from his kennel at eleven, they possibly conclude our ancestors had got their work or sport over by what we hold to be breakfast hour. No such thing. Foxes were rarely in those days run into; they were hunted till the endurance of the united pack, relieving each other, outlasted that of the fox single-handed, who, prior to being come up with, might oftentimes be seen hardly able to raise a trot. Now we run into him often when going something bordering on twenty miles an hour. Where would be the "bread and cheese" carriers on such occasions? I am not prepared to say but that a pot of porter, and something like a pound of beefsteak, would, to a cormorant who could take them, as he probably would say, "stand by him," if he was obliged to walk thirty miles at a rate of three miles an hour. But Charley Westhall would find them lie something heavy on the stomach, in doing the same distance at the rate of six miles and a-half in the hour, or more.

Nothing can be a greater mistake than concluding that a horse's having a protuberant carcase is proof of the goodness of his constitution, of his hardihood, or of his capability of enduring work. I would only ask, if a postman was wanted, a porter, a messenger, or, in fact, any man that required the slightest activity, would any one select a little or big pot-bellied fellow to do the work? The inference to be drawn on such a man presenting himself would naturally be that he had never been employed in such work, or that he was incapable of doing it. Had he been so engaged, the pot-belly would soon have disappeared. We do not usually see letter-carriers in such a state.

I have heard many men say "they detested a horse showing a middle-piece like a shotten herring." So do I; but this is even preferable (to carry on the simile) to a horse with a belly like a herring filled with roe to his very throat.

I am no advocate for "drawing horses over fine," even as race-horses, though some of the old ones cannot live the lengths they have to go unless they are so. There is no occasion whatever for a hunter to be in the same state as a race-horse when brought to the post; but look at a fair-constitutioned race-horse six weeks before, when in regular work, but not the severest he will have to encounter, I should say he was about in the condition and state a hunter should be, intended to cross a fast country. You will find his crest firm to the touch, his muscles just developed, and springing beneath the hand if pressed from shoulder to flank, his carcass nicely-rounded, neither showing like the shotten or the over-loaded herring. A favorite term with grooms of late years is "a carcass as straight as a gun-barrel." It is well if a horse towards the end of a season shows this; but, to begin with, I should like a slight deviation from the straight line, and will allow a little handsome fall behind the girths; but this must depend on the natural tendency of a horse as to form, and many very light-carcased ones can go through as much work, and take their turn with their more robust-looking partners. I will here, for instance, state that no power on earth could make me carry carcass. From habit I believe I eat and drink less than one man in twenty, yet few men have undergone severer bodily exertion in every way. I am not, therefore, so much alarmed at "shy feeders" as many persons are. I have rarely found your gluttons (and consequently horses that show they are such) brilliant performers. Carcass and paunch are quite different things; a horse having a good carcass from having long back ribs, and not an undue space between the last rib and his hip-bone, I grant indicates strength. This is bone and muscle, not distended abdomen, in fact, entrails. I have said a horse should not have an undue space between his last rib and his hip-bone; but let me observe he should not be what is still more objectionable—too short in this particular, that is, too much "tied up." A horse so formed may (like one narrow across the hips) look very level and pretty, and, for a mere park hack, neither are objectionable; but a hunter, or any horse destined to great feats, wants good wide hips—if somewhat protuberant no matter—he also wants good space to work them in. There is a vast difference between pretty horses and handsome ones. I have seen many beautiful ones very distinguished on the turf and in the field, but they were beautiful from symmetry and proportion. It is quite possible for a horse to be merely pretty without possessing either in any eminent degree.

I have remarked long, or, in more common terms, deep back ribs, as a perfection and proof of strength, I am not aware that a long rib is a bit stronger than a short one; but the former has the advantage of additional corresponding muscle supporting it—hence, I conceive, its strength. Many first-rate race-horses are in this particular very deficient—in fact, made like a greyhound. Bay Middleton was one, yet "he could go;" nor for the Derby length, or that of some of the good things in racing now in vogue, does it matter; for a horse must be a wretch indeed that found his back ache in carrying about eight stone for a mile and a-half. But the hunter has to carry on an average say twelve stone, and that for several hours; consequently a good strong back and body is indispensable in his case, but he wants little more absolute belly than does the race-horse.

In my next article I will endeavor to point out the origin and cause of overgrown carcases; for, as I will also endeavor to show, they are not natural to the horse, or, indeed, any quadruped.

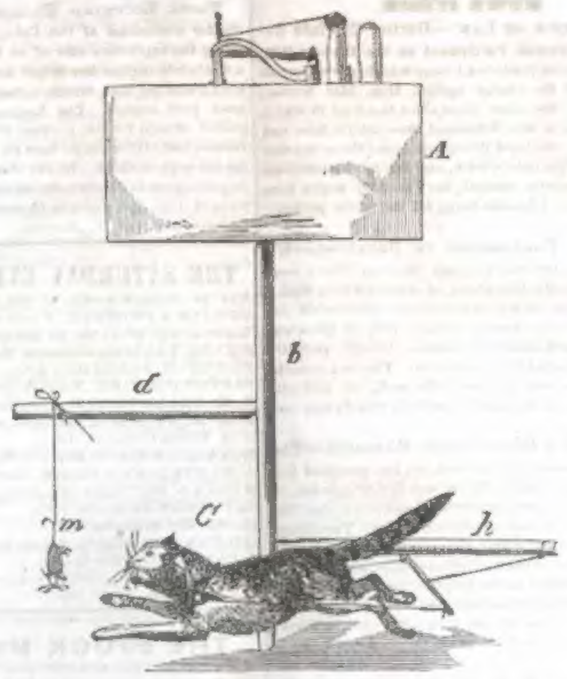
There can be no doubt that domestication and art have in many particulars improved the breed of most animals under the care of man. It has also improved in many respects their capabilities, as regards their utility to ourselves; but I am by no means certain but our treatment renders some animals less useful to themselves. —*London Field.*

CULTIVATING AND PRESERVING FRUITS.

The culture of the small and fine Fruits, is attracting considerable attention at the present time. The markets of our cities and large towns show a rapid increase in the quantities consumed from year to year. But they are still looked upon, too much as luxuries to be enjoyed only by the wealthy. Now, when we consider that these fruits, as an article of food are almost indispensable to good health, during the Summer months, and so easily raised, (one hundred bushels of strawberries, for instance, to the acre, not an uncommon yield,) we are not willing to reckon them as *delicacies* to be enjoyed by the favored few.

Thanks to a bountiful Providence they are within the reach of all, and every man who owns a rood of ground may have an abundant supply. But the greatest obstacle to their general cultivation in the country is their short and transient nature.

Farmers think it will not pay to raise them for the short season they last; consequently, some of the richest native fruits in their improved state are rarely or never seen on the farmer's table. But the art of hermetically sealing entirely removes this objection. Stout glass bottles and tin cans are now made for this purpose. The bottles hold nearly a quart, and cost about $6 a gross.



PHŒNIX'S FELINE ATTACHMENT.

The celebrated Phœnix has invented an improvement in the sewing machine, which he thus announces and describes in the July Knickerbocker:

CIRCULAR: TO THE PUBLIC.

"Permit me to call your undivided attention to an invention lately made and patented by myself, which is calculated to produce the most beneficial results, and prove of inestimable value to mankind. It is well known that the sewing-machines now so generally in use, are the most important invention and greatest blessing of the age. Every lady considers this instrument indispensable to her happiness; it has completely usurped the place of the piano-forte and harp in all well-regulated families: and she who once purchased materials for clothing by the yard, now procures them by the piece or bolt, to enjoy the rational pleasure of easily making them into garments.

"In the humble cabin of the laborer, and in the halls of the rich and the great, now resounds from morning until night, the whir of the sewing-machine. The result of this universal grinding, although eminently gratifying to the sellers of dry-goods, and the philanthropic fathers and husbands who discharge their bills, has not been of a favorable nature to our ladies in a physical point of view. It is found that the constant use of the crank has brought on rheumatic and neuralgic affections in the shoulder, and a similar application of the treddle has a tendency to produce hip diseases, and white swelling of the knee-joint, accompanied by nervous complaints of a painful character. The undersigned is acquainted with a most estimable single lady of middle age, who, having procured one of the fast-running machines, was so enchanted with it, that she persisted in its use for thirty-six hours without cessation, and found, on endeavoring to leave off, that her right leg had acquired the motion of the treddle in such a painful manner, that it was impossible to keep it still, and her locomotion thereafter assumed a species of polka step exceedingly ludicrous to witness, and particularly mortifying to herself. I regret to add that she was compelled, by a vote of the society, to withdraw from the Methodist Church, on a charge of dancing down the broad aisle on a Communion Sunday. A more melancholy instance was the case of Mrs. Thompson, of Seekonk, a most amiable lady, beloved and respected by all around her, but who, by constant use of the crank, lost all control of the flexors and extensors of her right arm, and inadvertently punched her husband in the eye, which, he being a man of suspicious and unforgiving disposition, led to great unhappiness in the family, and finally resulted in the melancholy case of Thompson *vs.* Thompson, so familiar to most of the civilized world. A turn for mechanism, and an intense desire to contribute to the happiness of the female sex, have ever been distinguishing traits in my character. On learning these facts, therefore, I devoted myself to a thorough investigation of the subject, and after a month of close application, have at last made an invention which will at once do away with every thing objectionable in the use of the sewing-machine.

"This beautiful discovery is now named

"PHŒNIX'S FELINE ATTACHMENT.

"Like most great inventions, the Attachment is of great simplicity. An upright shaft is connected with the machine by a cog wheel and pinion, and supported below by a suitable frame-work. Two projecting arms are attached to the shaft, to one of which a large cat is connected by a light harness, and from the other a living mouse is suspended by the tail, within a few inches of the nose of the *motor*. As the cat springs toward the mouse, the latter is removed, and keeping constantly at the original distance, the machine revolves with great rapidity. The prodigious velocity produced by the rapacity of the cat in its futile endeavors to overtake the mouse, can only be imagined by one who has seen the Attachment in full operation.

"It is thus that man shows his supremacy over the brute creation, by making even their rapacious instincts subservient to his use.

"Should it be required to arrest the motion of the machine, a handkerchief is thrown over the mouse, and the cat at once pauses, disgusted.

"Remove the handkerchief, and again she springs forward with renewed ardor. The writer has seen one cat (a tortoise-shell) of so ardent and unwearying disposition, that she made eighteen pairs of men's pantaloons, two dozen shirts, and seven stitched skirts, before she lay down exhausted. It is to be hoped that the ladies throughout the land will avail themselves of this beautiful discovery, which will entirely supersede the use of the needle, and make the manufacture of clothing and household materials a matter of pleasure to themselves, and furnish a healthy exercise to their domestic animals. The Attachment will be furnished to families having sewing-machines, on the most reasonable terms, and at the shortest notice.—Young and docile cats supplied with the Attachment, by application at 348 Broadway, New York, Office of the Patent Back-Action Hon-Persuader.

"Persons wishing to avail themselves of this invention, will have the goodness to address, as above, JOHN PHŒNIX, *Professor, etc.*

"*Elevation of 'Phœnix's Feline Attachment.*"	
"A. Sewing-Machine, box-pattern,	$75 00
"C. Cat, at various prices, say	2½ to 10 00
"b. Vertical Shaft,	5 00
"d. d. Projecting arms,	50
"M. Mouse,	12½
"Total cost of Machine and Attachment,	$90 62½."

Such fruits as the Peach, Plum, Cherry, Raspberry, Strawberry, &c., are preserved in the following manner. After picking over the fruit, fill the bottles to the neck; then with a thin syrup fill nearly to the top of the fruit, leaving room for it to expand. For making the syrup, use sugar enough to make the fruit palatable, and for heating, a large kettle or cauldron, with a false bottom to set the bottles on, will answer very well. Set them in the boiler, with the water up to their neck, which is gradually brought to the boiling heat, where they remain from five to ten minutes, according to the size of the fruits. They are then taken out, and corked and sealed immediately. As the cork is pressed in, a hole is punched through it to let the air escape when down. Plug the hole and plunge the mouth into the dish of sealing-wax. Tin foil is sometimes put on for an additional protection, but is not necessary if the wax is good.

Tomatoes are prepared and cooked in the usual manner for the table, except seasoning. To economize bottles they are sometimes boiled down one-quarter or more if the bottles are hot; they can be filled and sealed without delay; if allowed to cool, before filling they must be set into the boiler and heated up to 160° before sealing.

Pie plant is cut up, and stewed a short time with just water enough to cover it, and sealed as above. A little experience and good sense, will ensure success to any one, bearing in mind that the object is to drive out and exclude the air.

All kinds of fruit contain more or less air, which expands and escapes by heating; as the fruit cools, it settles or shrinks down, and if sealed tight a vacuum is left and no change will of course take place. Fruit put up in this way loses none of its original freshness, and the amateur can detect, in mid-winter, the peculiar flavor that distinguishes the Royal Kensington, from the Red Rareripe, or, Burr's New Pine from the Hovey Seedling as readily as when first picked.—*Correspondent of the Homestead.*

SALTING HAY—TWO DANGERS ATTENDING IT.

It may be well to remind some and inform others that there are wrong as well as right ways of performing this simple operation; or, in other words, that there are errors, and dangers of loss and damage, which ought to be avoided in the application of salt to hay. There are, probably, several who have discontinued the practice of salting their hay; some on account of the trouble and difficulty of having it done properly, which consists in applying it in small quantities to each successive layer, and some for other reasons, among which this may be one that they now know of a better way of administering salt to their stock. Still though some may have discontinued it, there are not a few who continue to think it, what it was almost universally esteemed some years ago, a first-rate practice. To such and to all who are likely to apply salt to their hay, we submit the following suggestions:

If salt is supplied in too large quantities the animals fed upon it will certainly lose in condition. When an animal is forced by long abstinence, or by its food being too highly salted, to partake of salt in quantities beyond what the natural instinct of the animal would dictate, then it becomes poisonous or injurious, and deteriorates the health and condition of an animal by undue secretions from the liver, bowels, &c. These excessive secretions rob the animal of a portion of its food, and carry off what would otherwise be converted into fat, or flesh, or milk, &c.

It thus becomes a matter of considerable *practical* importance to determine what is the quantity of salt which an animal would naturally or instinctively crave during the consumption of a ton of hay. Some have recommended as much as 8 quarts of salt to each ton of hay; and very few have ever recommended any less a quantity than 4 quarts. Now it is our firm persuasion, from observations made by ourselves and others, that in the cold months no creature would crave or voluntarily eat as much as even 2 quarts of salt during the time of its consuming a ton of hay. If so, this quantity and all beyond it, would only be injurious to cattle or stock of any kind, when forced upon them with their food.

This is one of the errors or dangers which it would be well to guard against. The other consists in the practice of getting in hay in a damp or partially cured state, under the supposition or expectation that a free application of salt will preserve it from heating, moulding, or otherwise spoiling. A quantity of salt which would be effectual for this purpose would make the hay injurious, or absolutely poisonous from excess of saline matter.—*Country Gentleman.*

SUMMER CARE OF TREES.—The general policy in the management of a young tree is to throw its whole vital, wood-making power into those branches, and those alone, which are needed and are to be preserved; that is, so to manage the tree that half its growth, every two or three years, shall not be thrown away in pruning. Examine the branches. See first what are necessary to make the tree symmetrical. Then pinch off every other sprout. If one starts from the bottom, pinch it off at once. If a branch is pushing out too rapidly for the rest, and threatens to out-grow them, pinch off the end and stop it. In this way all the sap is appropriated just where it is wanted, and the tree does not have to be shocked every year by the wounds of the pruning knife.

All young trees should be mulched. It is time to do this now. Let not their roots get the blighting impressions of the hot sun at all. The mulching can be done in numerous ways. If the tree needs enriching, put a good coat of coarse manure around it. The cheapest mulch, and one that answers well, though it does not look very well, is the grass mowed about this time in the door-yard. Put on enough of it so that it will not dry up, but form a mass and rot. Do not try to grow too much wood. If trees are set out this spring, remember that their roots have not got firm hold of the earth yet, and that their ability to feed the branches is limited. Therefore, cut down to meet the ability of the roots, in their new location. With intelligent care, you can save all your trees, and soon put them beyond harm's way. By all means, do not be afraid of manure, in almost any form.—*Ohio Farmer.*

The Riddler.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 21 letters.

My 13, 19, 13, 5, 17, 11, was a distinguished Roman orator and philosopher.
My 1, 7, 2, 7, 18, 4, 1, was a Roman epic poet.
My 13, 6, 8, 9, was a distinguished American statesman.
My 7, 8, 13, 18, 7, 4, 1, was a Roman historian.
My 13, 2, 17, 4, 1, was a King of Persia.
My 7, 2, 9, 15, 11, 17, was a distinguished American General, and President of the United States.
My 12, 2, 9, was an English philosopher.
My 20, 8, 9, was an English poet.
My 20, 12, 2, 9, was an English poet.
My 1, 13, 11, 7, 7, was a Scotch poet, novelist and historian.
My 1, 14, 13, 17, 2, 7, 21, 1, was an Athenian philosopher.
My 19, 19, 14, 19, 11, 17, 11, 1, 1, 18, 13, 4, 15, 4, 1, was a Grecian historian.
My 19, 18, 3, 14, 13, 12, 18, 7, 4, 1, was a Grecian philosopher.
My 13, 2, 7, 4, 15, 6, 4, 1, was a Roman poet.
My 13, 16, 6, 1, 4, 1, was a Roman philosopher and physician.
My 1, 7, 11, 19, 19, 8, 17, 19, is an American poet.
My 15, 21, 5, was an English dramatic poet.
My 3, 2, 12, 7, 19, 8, 6, was a Spanish epigrammatic poet.
My 13, 2, 1, 1, 4, 1, was a Roman historian.
My 11, 1, 13, 21, 14, 6, 2, was a celebrated Indian chief.
My 2, 12, 19, 4, 1, was a priest of Alexandria.
My 8, 19, 2, 3, 1, was a President of the United States.
My 19, 2, 15, 7, was a Scotch novelist and biographer.
My 7, 9, 19, 5, 17, was a President of the U. States.
My 20, 12, 5, 20, 11, 17, 8, was an English astronomer and philosopher.
My 19, 2, 6, 15, 6, 1, was a Vice President of the United States.
My whole was a renowned English Poet and Bibliographer. PLANET.

Lincoln Co., Ky.

ZOOLOGICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, BY ALPHA.

I am composed of 41 letters.

My 1, 9, 36, 20, is an organ essential to birds.
My 2, 30, 8, 29, 30, is a bird that subsists upon fish.
My 3, 30, 22, 7, 3, 31, 39, 13, is an insectivorous animal.
My 4, 20, 37, 29, 9, is a dangerous animal.
My 5, 3, 20, 24, 7, is a large bird of prey.
My 7, 20, 5, 35, 11, 3, 31, 23, is an order of animals.
My 8, 12, 33, 5, 19, 4, 20, 21, is an order of animals.
My 10, 1, 21, 24, 41, 29, 28, is a migratory bird.
My 11, 2, 23, 21, 5, is a large marine animal.
My 12, 30, 26, 17, 41, 22, is a South American bird.
My 15, 17, 8, 27, 39, is a useful, domestic animal.
My 16, 29, 33, 12, is a bird supposed to be extinct.
My 19, 25, 4, 3, 14, 34, 30, 7, 27, is an order of birds.
My 20, 8, 21, 23, 40, 3, 14, 34, 13, 5, 27, is an order of birds.
My 22, 5, 33, 41, is a water fowl.
My 23, 36, 22, 7, 3, 31, 39, 13, is an insectivorous animal.
My 25, 18, 29, 10, is a rapacious animal.
My 27, 39, 23, 40, is a marine animal.
My 28, 26, 19, 33, impedes the flight of birds.
My 29, 28, 40, is a bird of prey.
My 30, 21, 4, is a troublesome animal.
My 33, 12, 6, 39, is a bird mentioned in the Bible.
My 36, 3, 8, 1, 32, 23, 41, is a marine animal.
My 37, 29, 31, 27, 7, is a water fowl.
My 38, 3, 37, 31, 23, 19, 40, is a water fowl.
My whole is a maxim.

Pequea, Lancaster Co., Pa.

RIDDLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am a bitter, but a wholesome good,
Were but my virtues better understood;
For many things impossible to thought,
Have been by me to full perfection brought.
The daring of the soul proceeds from me,—
With prudence, diligence, activity;
Sharpness of wit, and fortitude I give,
And teach the patient man to better live.
When men, once strange to me, my virtues prove,
Themselves I make them know, and Him above.
The flatterer from the friend I make them know;
In me a fair possession lies, but (oh!
The foolishness of man!) all me refuse
Because I'm plain;—they gaudy trifles choose;
I'm made the scorn of *every* foppish fool,
Insulted, hated, turned to ridicule.

GAHMEW.

CHARADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is good food
For bird or beast,
And even for man
It makes quite a feast.

My second's oft found
Upon a farm,
The cattle 'twill keep
From doing harm.

My third's a verb
You've often seen,—
My whole was a Gen'ral
Of lofty mien.

Pequea, Pa. ALPHA.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A large city in China found.
Trees that in the East abound.
One of the first settlers of New England.
A place where ships do often land,
A sound which you have often heard.
And the name of a very pretty bird.
The initials of the above will spell the name
Of a distinguished poet of great fame.
The finals join and you will find,
A noted philosopher of olden time.

Warren, Vt. HARP.

REBUS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

My first is a rent.
My second is a term used in music.
My third is a cry.
My fourth is a poem.
My fifth is a Greek letter.
My sixth is a mischievous animal.
The initials, or the last letters of each word reverse form the name of an able American General.

TRIGONOMETRICAL PROBLEM.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

In a right angled triangle the side of the inscribed square exceeds the radius of the inscribed circle by 10 perches, and the angle opposite the base is 53 deg min. 48 sec. Required the side of the triangle?

Venango co., Pa. ARTEMAS MARTIN.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is the letter H like a cure for deafness? Ans.—Because it makes the *ear hear.*

☞ What grows less *tired* the more it works? Ans.—A carriage wheel.

☞ How can a man's pocket be empty when he's got something in it? Ans.—When he has a big hole in it.

☞ Why is a tender-hearted person like a housekeeper with little furniture? Ans.—Because he is *easily moved.*

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

BIOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Professor Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA—Honorable Lewis D. Campbell. MISCELLANEOUS ENIGMA—Repulse at Quebec, and death of Montgomery, Officer in the American Army. CHARADE—Omer (O-M-E-R) RIDDLE—Treat. CHARADE—Cabbage (Cab-bag-e) ANAGRAMS—1. Portugal. 2. Russian Empire. 3. Beloochista. 4. Hindoostan. 5. Chinese Empire. 6. Carinthia. ARITHMETICAL PROBLEM—A's share $20,[illegible] B's 100,10, C's 71,30, D's 42,90. Total, $243,20.